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Faith Cures

AND

Answers to Prayer

BY

MRS. EDWARD MIX

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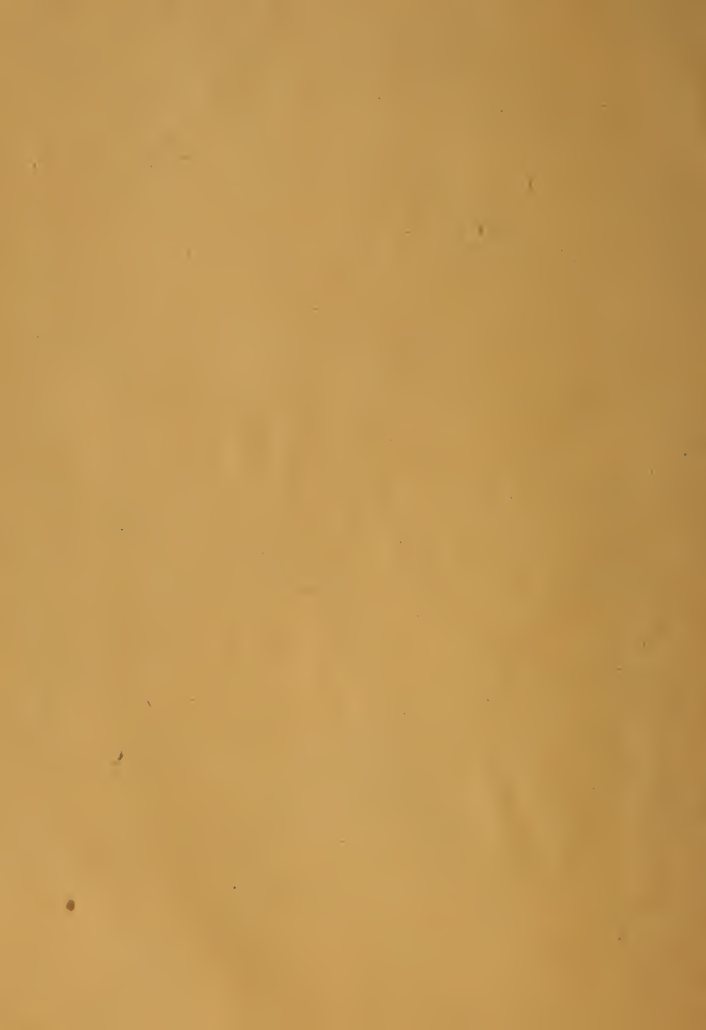
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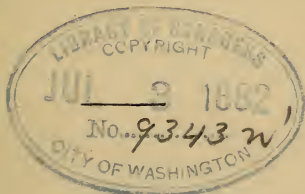
AND

ANSWERS TO PRAYER,

BY

MRS. EDWARD MIX.

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THE OLD VERSION.

“Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.”—Heb. xi. 1.

THE NEW VERSION.

“Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen.”

“O Lord, my God, I cried unto Thee and thou hast healed me.”—Psalms xxx. 2.

“And the Lord will take away from thee all sickness.”—Deut. vii. 15.

“And behold there was a certain man before Him which had the dropsy, and He took him and healed him and let him go.”—Luke xiv. 2-4.

“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases.”—Psalms ciii. 2, 3.

“And behold there came a Leper and worshipped Him, saying, Lord if Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean, and Jesus put forth his hand and touched him, saying, I will, be thou clean, and immediately his leprosy was cleansed.”—Mat. viii. 2, 3.

“And behold there was a man which had his hand withered, then said He to the man, stretch forth thine hand, and he stretched it forth, and it was restored whole like unto the other.”—Mat. xii. 10-13.

“I will put none of these diseases upon thee, for I am the Lord that healeth thee.”—Exodus xv. 26.

“I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears, behold I will heal thee.”—2 Kings xx. 5.



## PREFACE.

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DOES God answer prayer? Every true-hearted Christian would answer yes. What should be the nature and character of prayer? It should be offered in faith, and with a wise reference to the glory of God, and it is very necessary that the heart should be all right in the sight of God, then we can come boldly to the throne of grace and obtain mercy and grace to help in every time of need, and we can come with a full assurance of faith, for we read in God's Word, "Therefore, I say unto you what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them," and we read, "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers." But many who believe it is right to come to God with spiritual sickness question whether it is right to come in like manner with physical disease. All that have arrived at the age of maturity, and acknowledge God's Word to be true, believe that when Christ was here on the earth and went about doing good, he healed

all manner of diseases, and raised the dead, and the same Jesus says, "All power is given to me in Heaven and in earth." But many will ask the question, how is it done? Such was the inquiry in the time of the Apostles. Turn to the third chapter of Acts, and read to the 17th verse, when the people looked with wonder and astonishment upon the one which had been a cripple from his birth, and Peter said unto him, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk, and immediately his ankle bones received strength." Did the man say, don't say anything about this to any one, Peter, for fear it won't last, then people would ridicule me? No; that was not his feeling at all, but he went right into the temple with them, walking and leaping, and praising God, and when the people marveled at this, Peter says, "It's through no power or holiness in us that has made this man whole," but he says, "The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of our fathers, hath glorified his Son Jesus, whom ye delivered up and denied him in the presence of Pilate when he was determined to let him go; his name through faith in



His name hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know, the faith which is by him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all." And I thank God to-day that the same faith, put in lively exercise, will produce the same effect.

Turn to the 11th chapter of Hebrews and see what was accomplished by faith. Is the ear of God heavier to-day, that he does not hear, or his arm shortened that he does not save? Nay, verily, he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. But, says one, we have no such spiritual gifts in the churches now as they used to have. Turn to the 12th chapter of 1st Corinthians and read the gifts of the church. The word says, "Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant," then goes on describing the different gifts, and there is no place between the lids of the Bible where we read those gifts have ever been withdrawn; but the churches have degenerated from the truth and its proper standing so much so, that even professing Christians will call it the work of the Devil. But we that believe that the prayer of faith shall save the sick, "and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he has committed sins they shall be forgiven him,"

let us take courage, for they said of Christ, he hath a devil; but some said, "can a devil open the eyes of the blind?" Now God has promised, and that is enough for us; faith begins only when reasoning ends, and if we wish God to answer, stop asking questions whether He will or will not, and how. God's promises are unqualified, save that they require an unhesitating faith which asks no questions, only believes, and believing as I do, that God's promises are sure, and that by a blessed and happy experience have proved them as such, I feel it my duty to lay my experience before the public, although I consider my weakness and insufficiency to do the work, but ask God to lead my mind and guide my pen as I write, that I might increase the faith of some poor suffering ones, who are beyond the reach of aid from the arm of flesh, and are willing to trust in God for deliverance.

I was born of a consumptive family, and nearly twenty-three years ago a skillful physician after sounding my lungs, told me I could not live over two weeks; I could not go up a pair of stairs without sitting down on them once or twice; my cough was terrible, he gave me some

tincture of barks, and told me to diet and to leave the city, and if I had any friends in the country to go there. So I came to my sisters, in Goshen, Conn., and following his advice I began to improve, by the change of air and rest from hard labor; the improvement was rapid, in a few months I was able to go out to service, and the next spring following I was married. My general health was very good for years, I was able to do almost any amount of labor. In the meantime loved ones were added to the family, but only to sicken and die; and so we have laid them away one by one, those we loved in other years, till alone and broken-hearted we have nothing left but tears; the last lovely one we laid in her resting place eight years ago, which made seven in number; all died with lung disease. Then my health began to fail, my lungs became very weak, and with all the tenderness and weakness there was about them, yet I could sing. I was growing so weak in body that I could not walk down to the hall to meeting. I did so dread the thought that I could not walk that distance, which was not one quarter of a mile, and the two last times I walked down Mr. Mix was obliged to go home and harness the

horse and come after me. Consumption had again made its second attack. About that time sister Whitney, of Wolcottville, was very sick; she had four or five different physicians, still she was failing, there was no hope unless God interposed; I talked with brother Whitney, and finally prevailed upon him to send for brother Allen of Springfield, Mass., who I had heard had the gift of healing.

He was sent for and he came, bringing with him brother and sister Loomis; after I heard they had come I began to think about myself, and reason like this: you have so much faith that sister Whitney will be healed in answer to prayer, why don't you have brother Allen pray for you? I settled the question in my mind in this way, I would say nothing to brother Allen about it, but if he said anything about praying for me, all right.

The next morning, December 19th, 1877, after their arrival they came over to our house to have a season of prayer for sister Whitney. Mr. Mix and myself united our prayers with them in behalf of sister Whitney, and when I was praying brother Allen noticed something in my prayer that convinced him that all was not right with me concerning health, and he asked me if I enjoyed good

health. I replied, no, sir; he asked me if I did not believe that God would heal me in answer to prayer, the reply was, yes; he said, do you believe he will heal you now? yes, was the quick answer; he said, all unite in prayer with me in behalf of sister Mix.

We again knelt in prayer, and as brother Allen felt the power of the Holy Ghost upon him, he arose and laid his hand upon my head, in the name of the Lord; at that moment I believed I was healed, the room was filled with the glory of God, so much so that sister Loomis fell to the floor as one dead, and I was so overwhelmed with the power of God, I felt that everything like disease was removed; I felt as light as a feather, as if I could run through a troop, and leap over a wall. I leaped for joy into the other room, shouting victory in the name of Jesus, and I was not afraid to tell it that I was healed of some troubles I had for twenty years, I was relieved of them, praise the name of the Lord. Brother Allen said he was impressed that I had the gift of healing; I could hardly believe it to be true, still it was in my mind a great deal, and as I believe in proving all things, and holding fast to that which is good, I had a

little wart under my right eye the size of a small darning needle, I thought I would take that as a test, and as I retired at night I told the Lord in these words: I will lay my hand upon this in the name of Jesus, and if I have the gift let this be removed. As I arose in the morning, being very busy about my household cares I did not think of it until I was passing the mirror, I stopped, and to my surprise it was withered and dry; I just touched it and it dropped off. I knew it was of the Lord. In a few days I was taken with diphtheria, and I took it to the Lord in prayer, laying my hand upon my throat in the name of Jesus, and in less than a day I was entirely cured of it, and so the Lord has led me on. I commenced laboring among neighbors. Then the news spread to towns and villages, and cities and states, and I can say, praise the Lord for his goodness and his wonderful works to the children of men.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.





## VICTORY THROUGH CHRIST.

IN this chapter is given the experience of a dear sister, who has been brought triumphantly through the conflict, by the conquering might of her Lord; and before my dear readers listen to the recital of her long illness and wonderful deliverance, I believe that they will be interested in a sweet little poem, which she composed when she had no thought of being freed from her suffering, except by death. To all those who are still helpless these little verses will be a song attuned to their own heart-longings.

### LOST, THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS.

BY ALICE M. BALL.

Lost, the sound of footsteps—my own footsteps; just once  
more  
Do I long to hear the music of my feet upon the floor;  
Dream I of the days, now vanished, when my lips first learned  
to talk,  
Of the mother's love that fondly taught a little child to walk:  
In the silence that surrounds me, tired of silence, tired of  
pain,  
Do I long for hands to guide me till I've learned to walk  
again.

Lost, the sound of footsteps ; how the days have come and  
gone,

And my steps, forever silenced, wake no echo in our home.  
Music floats about me, sweetly wafted on the air,  
And the hum of merry voices sounds about me everywhere,  
While I fondly long for music, that can be mine nevermore—  
Just the music of my footsteps—my own footsteps on the floor.

Lost, the sound of footsteps ; and I wait, day after day,  
In the midst of this long silence, where the Master bids me stay,  
And dream of spacious meadows, where my child feet used to  
roam ;

Of the foot-prints left so often on the graveled walks at home.  
Does the Father know how restless our weak human feet may  
grow,  
And does He guide them just as safely, when they lie in  
shadows so?

Lost, the sound of footsteps ; when the soul's work here is done,  
When the gates of Heaven are opened, and our Father bids  
me come

From this silence so unbroken by the tread of human feet,  
Over where immortal footsteps echo on the golden street,  
Then, till then, dear Father, teach me, that through all these  
fearful depths,  
In the silence that surrounds me, Thou art guiding still my  
steps ;

And when life for me is over, even in Heaven may I once more  
Hear again the sound of footsteps, my own footsteps on the  
floor ?

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,  
VALLEY FARM, *June 22, 1880.*

MY DEAR CARRIE :—I consider it a privilege to give, what you have asked, the story of my release from bondage in answer to the “prayer of faith”; bondage that was dark, deep and mysterious, and of eighteen years’ duration. Two months previous to my twelfth birthday, I was taken sick at school, with what shortly proved to be an attack of measles. I was not dangerously ill, and as soon as could be expected, I was about the house, apparently my former healthy, happy self. But the first ride I attempted after the illness, brought on a sort of nervous spasm, of short duration, but sufficiently different from anything I had ever experienced before, to prove that all was not well. For six months I was able to take long walks, eat and sleep well, but steadily creeping upon me I felt those strange inexplicable nervous feelings, that changed life, and my desires concerning it. During the following two years I had severe sick spells, from which I would rally, after awhile, with strong holds upon hope, but, at length, so thoroughly had disease overpowered me, I was obliged to succumb, and awful suffering and depression it

was my lot to bear. Shortly after my removal here, began a contest between sickness and health, life and death, which it is neither pleasant, nor profitable, to attempt to describe.

What I have suffered, hoped, and feared, it is beyond my power to tell. Many physicians have attended my case, but although, in some instances, temporary relief has been obtained, nothing permanent has been granted, except the knowledge that, in my case, "vain is the help of man."

After the summer of 1867 I was confined wholly to the house and mostly to my bed, being, very frequently, for days at a time, utterly unable to lift my head from the pillow, or be moved the least particle without agony. During the summer of 1868, under the careful treatment of Dr. A. M. Smith, of this city, I was much relieved of spinal and nervous trouble, and shall never cease thanking God for timely aid afforded; for several subsequent years, under this physician's care, had more comfortable times allotted me than I had known for a long period of time before, but a sufferer I was still, and must have remained, had not the dear Master graciously interposed in my behalf.

I was unable to walk or stand *one moment* alone

upon my feet, a terrible dizziness, and pressure in the heart, attending every attempt of this kind. The cords of my lower limbs were contracted. For sixteen years I had not been able to lie an instant upon my left side; could take but small quantities of food, and often, for weeks at a time, was unable to take the least nourishment without great increase of pain. In one of your letters you speak of what you suffered from "exaltation of sensibility." How much that means to me! During seasons of great prostration I have lain, for hours at a time, in that condition that had a person entered my room, had there been any unusual noise (how I used to pray that nothing of the kind might occur), I do not know how I could have endured it. My dear mother used to sit in the room adjoining mine, doing all in her power to hinder increase of excitement. I have endured the most excruciating pain, and have suffered about as much, it seems to me, as poor humanity could endure.

How zealously I strove to overcome disease, and regain my health, willing to submit to the most severe experiments suggested by physicians, if offered thereby any hope of relief, many can testify.

Last July, and once more in September, prayer was offered for me by Dr. Charles Cullis, of Boston, Mass. I was blessed spiritually, but was not yet prepared to take hold upon the promises, and claim a physical cure. About this time I was led to plead for a consecrated heart, and began to taste the blessedness of giving myself wholly away to God; began to ask, and receive, answers to my prayers in so remarkable a manner, that I could doubt no longer the willingness of Jehovah to *speak to the children of men.*

At some future time, I want to give you the particulars concerning special answers to prayer in a time of great wonderment and depression in regard to financial embarrassments.

Very soon reports were brought me concerning the great faith of some colored people of Wolcottville, Conn. (your own case, my dear Carrie, being prominent among those that helped increase my courage), and as these good people were soon expecting to visit Pittsfield, I was advised to see them. But alas! like Naaman, I questioned whether the waters of Israel were any better than those of Pharpar and Abana; why my own prayers, or those of my Christian neighbors,

might not avail as much as the prayers of Mrs. Mix. I think one of the most important truths which I have been called to learn, since coming to this life of faith, is, that of all His children the Lord demands obedience.

Looking unto Him, prayerfully, I was led to Mrs. Mix. On the second of November she came to me, prayed with me—friends in various parts of the house uniting in prayer for me at the same time—and without assistance from any human agency, *I arose and walked*; no dizziness seized me, nor was there any inclination to fall. I had said in the morning that if, in this life, I was *ever* able to walk to mother's kitchen and, coming through certain rooms, back to my bed, I would say I was *healed*.

Before dark, on that long to be remembered Sunday, I accomplished this feat easily, and mother and daughter praised God from fervent hearts. Cords so long contracted *straightened in one night*. I could now take food regularly without distress, and the word of the Master came to me with power: "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord."—Psalm xxvii. 14.



I had yet to learn many lessons, however; among other things, that what I had now commenced is termed, and is, in truth, the very "*fight of faith.*" I think I have met every foe that Pilgrim encountered on the first part of his journey from the city of Destruction, from Worldly Wiseman down to Simple and Presumption; each has had his say. Thanks be to God, I am trusting still.

Not many days had passed before old symptoms returned, and, according to human appearances, there was *need* of medicine. The tempter began an argument with my soul, somewhat difficult to resist, telling me that I could go no further without this, which had been my help so many years. In an agony of suspense and fear I came direct to God for light, for direction; and He spoke peace to my soul. I gave orders for my medicine to be thrown away; whether I could lift my head or not, I would trust!

Among other inestimable blessings, my Lord has granted me a mother strong in faith; when my own began to waver, hers but shone the clearer, and together we fought on. On the third of November, walking a short distance from our door, I had plucked a green leaf and borne it triumphantly



to mother, by whom it was received as truly an evidence that the waters were abating, as was the olive leaf by Noah. I gained so rapidly, that, in the course of a few weeks, taking a friend's arm and a cane, I walked across the street to sister's.

O, it is all too glorious to describe, the wondrous way my Lord has led me on, seeming sometimes "for a small moment" to have forsaken me, but with "everlasting mercy" bearing me in mind. Gradually (my first word from the dear Lord, when I came to Him for healing, had been "wait") my faith and strength increased, until I could walk some little distance on the frozen earth each day, and make short calls at near neighbors. We had lived in our house for seventeen years, and never, until since my cure, had I seen the upper rooms. Each trip upstairs seemed as new, and grand, and strange, as most people's trips to Europe.

Meanwhile, matters had been so arranged that the coming spring, my only sister was expecting to move one mile away, and was very desirous of taking mother and myself with her to her new home; but above everything, this side of death, stood my *dread of riding*. For eighteen years

every attempt to ride had occasioned *spasms*, followed by such long prostration as was terrible to recall, and just here Satan stood over me exultant for many days.

I did not always wisely remember that God's Word does not promise aid in advance of trial, but "*as thy day so shall thy strength be.*" When the full time for my first experience in the carriage came, the recollection of the agony I had endured in times past, for a moment overpowered me; my strength left me, my heart grew tremulous, and I called mightily unto God for help, for some word of cheer. Opening the good Book, expectantly, I was directed to these words: "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."—Isaiah xl. 29. What could I ask more.

I went to the carriage, praising God. Victory did not crown my first effort, nor the next, but knowing that my Lord had promised—victory *must be mine*. All in good time it came; no larger than the cloud for which Elijah waited, was its first appearance, but by degrees I found that I could bear the motion of the carriage, and still better as time went on. I could be drawn slowly

across the yard, but the thought of that one-mile drive terminating in change of home and surroundings, which I was so soon expected to undertake, Satan was permitted to hold before my mind's eyes for many days and nights, harassing me with doubts and fears, terrible to endure. On the twentieth of May, in an easy carriage phaeton, drawn by a gentle horse, I rode a quarter of a mile without spasms or any great distress. Victory was mine; friends stood upon the sidewalk, speaking words of encouragement and praise as we passed along, and the thankfulness that went up from my heart that afternoon, no one but the dear Master knows anything about.

Now I began coming to the dear Lord for unwavering faith concerning that long-dreaded removal to my new home, and on the morning of the second of June, little dreaming that that was the day appointed by the dear Master for the same, my cry unto him was answered by these words of promise, "Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest \* \* \* for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."—Gen. xxviii. 15.

There had been no time appointed for my transit to other quarters, but that June morning it was as if my Lord had told me that the time was near at hand. To my great amazement, nervous anxiety was removed. I was wonderfully at rest, and began making preparations for a hasty exit; whether that day, or three months from that day, none but the dear Lord knew.

During the early part of the afternoon I was enabled to call at a certain neighbor's, whom I had desired to visit before leaving our old home, and make a farewell call at another place not far away. Returning home, somewhat exhausted, I sought my bed for rest, and rest was granted. And now, at the *right moment*, my brother-in-law, at his store some little distance away, whom I had not seen for some time, and to whom no one had spoken of calling for me to ride that day, was impressed to come to us with horse and phaeton. The time was now fully come. I was gloriously strengthened; rode to my new home without injury, or any great fatigue. Was not my Lord fulfilling His word of promise, gloriously? Is it any wonder if my soul is so filled with praise that the one hundred and third Psalm will keep surging

up from its very depths? I have given you a somewhat lengthy account, but the story can never be half told. I am in a delightful place to praise God all the day long, am growing stronger and better as the days go by, have long since lain on my left side; in short, am being made *every whit whole*, thanks be to God, Who "giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

ALICE M. BALL.

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GOODRICH, GENESEE Co., MICH., June, 1880.

DEAR FRIEND:—Some time since I solicited your prayers for my daughter; now I write to tell that we feel without a doubt she is cured. Oh, what a wonderful thing this faith cure is, for we can take hold of the promises of God with an unyielding grasp, and expect answers to our prayers. I feel that my faith is stronger now than it ever was before, and how we thank you that you united with us in prayer for her recovery; now we don't pray for her to be healed, but we thank God every day that he has cured her. I hope this faith cure may go on until thousands are cured; now, as I close, let me thank you again, and thank God for what he has done for us, with regards to you.

MRS. N. H. FARR.

GOODRICH, MICH., June 22.

DEAR FRIEND:—Though a stranger, a dear friend, I can of a truth testify to the words of my mother, and would feel condemned a great sinner before God, if, when I kneel to pray, I would not thank him for his blessings towards me. Now, Mrs. Mix, accept my thanks for your prayers, as I feel it has been a cure and a lesson of faith to me; kind regards to you, Mrs. Mix, and if it should be convenient, and you would not find it a burden, write to me.

Yours truly,

ELNORA I. FARR.

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BURRVILLE, August 23, 1880.

I have been requested to give to the public an account of what has been done for me within the past two years, and perhaps some suffering one may see it and feel encouraged, and accept the way laid down in the word of God to be healed by faith. I cannot tell you much of the thirty-four years of my life that I have spent an invalid, shut out from the world and confined to a sick room; those years were filled up with disappointments, self-denial, and very much suffering. I was not

twenty-one when I became an invalid; I think I had spinal disease, with acute inflammation of the kidneys.

At the commencement of my sickness, I seemed to lose all muscular power; I could not raise myself in bed, or get out of my chair alone; could not raise my feet upon the lower round of a chair for several years. I soon began to show that I was full of scrofula, and as I advanced in years other diseases and weaknesses came, and all that medicine or the skill of physicians could do, did not bring me health or the muscular power that I so much needed; medicine relieved for a little time, but did not cure. My case seemed mysterious and very difficult to understand, and I lived along in this miserable, sickly way, thirty-four years, and I concluded to wait patiently God's time and accept whatever came. But I really had no expectation in life. I had spells of hemorrhage twelve years, and was often brought so low that I could not speak aloud for three weeks, and my physician could find no pulse for a week, and one time I lay one hundred and twenty days without being able to sit up long enough to eat one meal. I had to lie in one position for several months at a



time. I have not lain an hour upon my left side for twelve years because of a heart difficulty. I have had dropsy by spells for fifteen years, and became a monstrous body; my natural weight was not one hundred pounds, but I looked as if I would weigh nearly two hundred, and my dresses measured around the waist one yard and three-quarters. My limbs below the knee had become small, had been perishing for two years; there seemed scarcely any circulation in them; they appeared to be more dead than alive. About four years ago a gravelly substance began to work out of my flesh about the size of small pin heads, coming through the pores of the skin, and are found in all the scrofula sores I have, and I have had two hundred of them at one time, and I think it would be safe to say there has full eight quarts of this mysterious substance worked out of my flesh up to the present time. My family physician is a man of many years' experience; he said he never saw anything like it, and would not have believed it if he had not seen it himself; and in connection with this I would say that very many large gravel stones have formed in the kidneys, giving me terrible distress, such as I never can express.



In the fall of 1878 I heard of the cures that Mrs. Mix of Wolcottville had performed; at that time I was going down fast, and I felt that I could not live long. I heard that she had been instrumental in restoring the sight of a blind woman in Wolcottville, and I thought if she could restore sight to the blind and make the lame to walk, perhaps there could be something done for me. I had been impressed more than a year that medicine would never cure me, and nothing but an Almighty power could do it, and I must trust in the Lord for it. The most that I could walk for years was from two to three yards, holding up by everything that came in my way. Mrs. Mix was sought for, and she came to see me November 7, 1878. She came full of faith, believing the Lord would raise me up and restore me to health, and after the first treatment I walked out of my bed-room, across the sitting-room and back, and from that time there was a change. I had power to walk given me, although my feet and limbs seemed so nearly dead. I had a great deal to contend with; my whole body was diseased, and since that time have been walking about the house and out of doors. I first began to walk in November,

and the next May was the first time I put my feet upon the ground in twenty-four years; everything around looked to me like a new creation. I could then praise God and take courage; my heart was full of thanksgiving and praise. The change was very gradual; in about four days after Mrs. Mix's first visit I had a severe sick spell; it was not like anything I experienced in all the thirty-four years of my sickness. But it was evident there was a change taking place to throw off disease. It is now some more than a year and a half since I began to get better, and in that time I have had ten of those spells, and they are all attended with dropsy. I am much less in size after each one, and find I am better than before; in one of those sick spells I lay in a sweat five days. I am very much reduced in size, and am looking quite like other people. My right lung had been inactive, and I think I had no use of it for years, and it was evident the lung was diseased. I believed there was an abscess or some sort of a sore in the lower part of the lung. I became very sick from the lung disease. But in a few days I felt that it was restored and just as well as the other, only somewhat weaker, and at the present time feel no pain

or difficulty about it. I am not strong and well yet, but I am changing all the time for the better. I walk about the yard and go about the house and do light work, feeling that I must use the strength God has given to some purpose, and I so much enjoy going about from room to room, although it seems strange to hear the sound of my own footsteps after being shut away in my room so many years. It is beautiful to me to look back and see what care the Lord has taken of me for a year and a half. I have not taken a spoonful of medicine in that time, although I have had ten severe sick spells. I have trusted in the Lord to raise me up and he has brought me safe through every time. I feel there must have been a *divine agency* in all this, or I should have died. I believe it is of the Lord. Oh, I have had such joy and peace in trusting in our Heavenly Father. I am learning to trust in Him for everything. This living by faith gives spiritual life and joy and comfort, such as we can obtain from no other source. I am not perfectly well and strong, but I am trusting in the Lord for a full restoration of health and strength in His own good time.

MRS. SARAH M. BURR.

“ HAVE FAITH IN GOD.”

No. 260 CONNECTICUT STREET,  
BUFFALO, N. Y., July 7, 1880.

On the sixth of January, 1877, after a gradual decline in health, I was prostrated with an attack of fever, proceeding from my spine, the result, probably, of a severe fall on a stone sidewalk several months before. The fever was soon subdued, but my disease grew into settled spinal difficulty, and from the inflammation of the spinal nerves proceeded a most distressing hyper-acuteness, called hyperæsthesia. This extended to all my large joints; and my hips, knees and ankles could not be touched even by myself, on account of their sensitiveness. The disease increased until the nerves in the joints were so unnaturally alive that it was as if they had been laid bare, and it seemed to me as though nothing less than spasms would be the immediate result were they touched. The vibrating of these sensitive nerves, occasioned by the tiniest jar or noise in the room, was something indescribably dreadful.

For all but the first two months of my illness, extreme helplessness as well as suffering made my lot almost unendurable. For more than two years,

turning over alone or moving myself a particle in bed was simply an impossibility. Every move was made for me with the greatest care. I suffered intensely with my head; the violent, tearing pain, the terrible sense of weight, and the extreme sensitiveness made a soft, small pillow feel like a block of stone, the pressure of which was crushing my brain to atoms. Much of the time we were obliged to exclude from the room all excepting those who had the care of me.

For eleven months I could not sit up at all, but in the spring of 1878 improved slowly, and could be lifted into a chair for a little while each day. I was more comfortable until July, but I could not by my greatest exertions get able to help myself at all. The only way in which I could be moved from the bed to the chair, was by being lifted under my arms, as I could endure no pressure on my spine.

The very warm weather at that time, and my making attempts to help myself when in such a weak condition, caused a sudden and violent relapse, and, in spite of everything that could be done for me, I continued to fail. I rallied a little in the autumn, but only temporarily.

In January, 1879, my mother's mother, who had lived with us for years and who was very dear to me, died at our house, after a short illness. I was so low at the time that there could be no public notice of her death, and only a few intimate friends were admitted into our silent house.

By the middle of February, my weakness was so great that most of the time I could scarcely speak in a whisper, and sometimes could only move my lips. Often the exertion of whispering one word would cause the perspiration to start profusely; and I would lie for hours needing something rather than ask for it. I could take no solid food whatever, and it exhausted me greatly to swallow even liquid food.

My disease had grown into blood consumption; I was emaciated to a shadow, and my largest veins looked like mere threads. Nothing could keep me warm, and the chill of death seemed upon me. A great part of the time I lay gasping faintly for breath, and I suffered excruciatingly. Even the weight of my arms and limbs seemed to be almost unendurable, and this terrible strain was constant. My pulse could scarcely be found, and I was not expected to live from one day to the next. Dr.

Davis, a well known physician of Attica, tried his skill, but failed. Dr. Baethig of this city also treated the case with a like result. Then Dr. Lon See On, a Chinese physician, educated in his own country, was called. He is a gifted fellow, and treated the case, but was unable to do any good. Everything that the most skillful physicians could do for me had been done; only the "Great Physician" could restore me by His almighty power. I have no doubt that it was ordered by Providence, that, just at this time, there should appear in the daily paper a short account of the wonderful cures performed in answer to the prayers of Mrs. Edward Mix, a colored lady, of Wolcottville, Conn. The article represented her as an earnest, humble Christian, who simply professed to be doing God's work. She had herself been cured, after years of ill health, by the prayers and laying on of hands of a Rev. Mr. Allen, of Springfield. Mother mentioned these facts to me, and the more I thought on the subject, the more I felt that a letter must be written her in regard to my own case. I had often heard of faith cures before this, and there had been read to me some portions of W. W. Patton's book, "Remarkable Answers to Prayer,"



but, although not discrediting them, none had ever produced so great an impression on my mind as this short account of Mrs. Mix. I waited a few hours, then requested my sister to write her that I believed her great faith might avail for me, if she would pray for my recovery, even if she were not present to lay her hands upon me. On Tuesday, February 25th, her answer came as follows:

WOLCOTTVILLE, CONN., February 24, 1879.

MISS CARRIE JUDD:—I received a line from your sister Eva, stating your case, your disease and your faith. I can encourage you, by the Word of God, that, “according to your faith,” so be it unto you; and besides you have this promise, “The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.” Whether the person is present or absent, if it is a “prayer of faith,” it is all the same, and God has promised to raise up the sick ones, and if they have committed sins to forgive them. Now this promise is to you, as if you were the only person living. Now if you can claim that promise, I have not the least doubt but what you will be healed. You will first have to lay aside all medicine of every description. Use



no remedies of any kind for anything. Lay aside trusting in the "arm of flesh," and lean wholly upon God and His promises. When you receive this letter I want you to begin to pray for faith, and Wednesday afternoon the female prayer-meeting is at our house.\* We will make you a subject of prayer, between the hours of three and four. I want you to pray for yourself, and pray believing, and then *act faith*. It makes no difference how you feel, but get right out of bed and begin to walk by faith. Strength will come, disease will depart and you will be made whole. We read in the Gospel, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." Write soon. Yours in faith,

MRS. EDWARD MIX.

Is it any wonder that in my utter weakness, my confirmed helplessness, and, above all, my lack of faith, that I was tempted to smile unbelievably at the words, "get right out of bed and begin to walk by faith"? My conscience reproved me for my unbelief, and I began to pray for an increase of faith. I left off all medicine at once, though I

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\* But the weather being stormy no one came, so there was none to pray but Mr. Mix and myself.

confess it was with a struggle, for I was very dependent upon it for *temporary* alleviation of my extreme suffering. At the hour appointed by Mrs. Mix, members of our own family also offered up prayer, though not in my room. Just before this, I seemed to have no power, whatever, to grasp the promise. Terrible darkness and powerful temptations from Satan rose to obscure even the little faith I had, but suddenly my soul was filled with a childlike peace and confidence different from anything I had ever before experienced.

There was no excitement, but, without the least fear or hesitation, I turned over and raised up alone, for the first time in over two years. My nurse, Mrs. H., who had taken care of me for nearly a year, was greatly affected, and began praising God for His wonderful power and mercy.

Directly after, with a little support from my nurse, I walked a few steps to my chair. During that same hour, a decided change was perceptible in my color, circulation and pulse, and I could talk aloud with ease. Referring to my diary, which was kept by Mrs. H., I find under February 27th, which was the day after my restoration: "Carrie moved herself in bed several times during the

night. This afternoon she walked from her chair to the bed, a distance of about eight feet, by taking hold of my arms. The Lord strengthens her every hour, both physically and in faith. Blessed be His holy Name!" Then, under February 28th: "Carrie grows stronger, moves herself more easily, rests better nights, has a good appetite. I gave her a sponge-bath this afternoon, and I could not but notice the change in the color of her flesh; instead of the yellow, dead look, it is pink and full of life." Under March 1st: "This morning she drew on her stockings." March 2d: "Her chest and lungs have been strong; she has talked aloud a great deal. Appetite good; color fresh and clear."

In about three weeks I could walk around the room without even having any one near me; in four weeks I walked down stairs with a little assistance; I walked very steadily from the first, and my joints, which had been so weakened by the hyperæsthesia, grew strong and firm at once. My muscles filled out very rapidly, but I suffered nothing from aching or lameness, even after I commenced going up and down stairs.

The first pleasant day in April I went out of

doors and into a neighbor's. It seemed as though it was almost too much joy to comprehend, to really be out in the air and sunshine once more. I looked up at the windows of my room with a vague idea that there must be imprisoned there still, a prostrate, suffering creature, of whom I had once been a part, but now was freed from by some mysterious process. The thought of my long and terrible suffering, and of my sudden and joyful deliverance, almost overwhelms me now as I review it all so minutely.

I will mention here, that it was especially noticeable, during my healing, that whenever I made any extra exertion of my own, suddenly, and without the least apparent cause, my strength would fail me. It was soon revealed to me, that I was simply to look to the Lord for improvement; that as He had begun the work, He would carry it on without any strivings on my part.

The more fully I cast myself upon Him, the more I was supported, and often I felt borne up as if by some buoyancy in the air, while there was little or no effort of my own. Even more wonderful, and infinitely more precious, than being brought from death unto life, physically, is the

renewed life which the soul experiences at the same time under the healing influence of the Holy Spirit. A deep, intense love for God is implanted in the heart, worldly desires and ambitions sink into nothingness, the one absorbing thought is to be conformed more and more to the image of Christ, and the forgiveness of sins promised with the healing in James v. 14, 15, is experienced as never before.

My gain in flesh and strength was rapid, and my friends say that I am now looking better than ever before. The trouble in my head, which was almost constant for a long time before my prostration, entirely disappeared when I was cured, and I can do a vast amount of studying and writing without even a slight headache. I can also take very long walks and enjoy them.

All glory be to our merciful and loving Redeemer! and that I may ever abide in Him, and bring forth the "fruit of the Spirit," is the daily prayer of my life.

CARRIE F. JUDD.

With my kind pastor's permission I publish the following letter; his reply to one which I received from a stranger:

NO. 790 SEVENTH STREET,  
BUFFALO, N. Y., MARCH 13, 1880.

DEAR SIR:—Miss Judd has shown me your favor of the 11th inst., and requests me to vouch for her entire credibility.

I do this with great pleasure, the more so that I have known her so long, and have been entirely conversant with all the facts in the case, from the beginning. I can assure you of her long and painful illness, of her utter and complete prostration, of the immediate expectation of death by herself and all her friends; during all those months I ministered at her bedside, and saw her draw nearer and nearer to the end.

But suddenly, and, of course, by the interposition of God, and doubtless in answer to the prayers of the Church and of the faithful, she was, so to speak, in a day restored, and is now in perfect health. Of these facts I assure you. They are well known to all here, and you have only to ask any resident of Buffalo to be satisfied of the truthfulness of all that she may tell you.

Why should it be accounted strange that God should raise one of his children from the bed of death? I confess I see no reason. His promise

was for all time, "unto you, and to your children," and if we gain less now, it is because we are less faithful, and not because His promise is less sure.

I shall be glad to give you any further information in my power, if you desire it.

Very truly,                   C. F. A. BIELBY,  
Rector St. Mary's-Church-on-the-Hill (Episcopal).

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WEST MERIDEN, August 19.

I was taken sick two years ago last spring with nervous prostration and sciatic rheumatism, which made me unable to walk. I have been confined to the house and to my bed most of the time. I had three different physicians, but did not seem to get any better. Last October I had a dreadful cough come on which made me much worse.

Mrs. Mix visited me last April; from that very hour I began to improve. I walked down stairs that evening, and the next day I rode out.

I am now so I can walk any ordinary distance. My cough has wholly left me.

Respectfully,

CARRIE B. RICE.

BURNHAM HOUSE, EAST BRIDGFORD,  
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, ENGLAND, February, 16, 1880.

DEAR MRS. MIX:—I am very, very much obliged for your kind letters, and especially for an interest in your prayers which I still much need. I am still gaining strength in spite of the cold, stormy weather, but it rather tries my chest.

I keep my eye upon my Great Physician, and constantly take my pain and weakness to Him. I can walk now two miles at once; it is a great change. I saw my surgeon three weeks ago; he said my restoration was a “perfect miracle.” He would as soon have thought of seeing his baby six months old walk as me. It is such a blessing to have such a precious physician to fly to in our weakness.

I am far from strong yet. My complaints are numerous. Three of my medical men have wished me to undergo an operation for one complaint I suffer from, but I keep laying it before the Lord and expect Him to heal *completely*. I am sure He is able and perfectly willing. My home is being broken up in March, owing to the death of my parents, which, of course, is very trying for me in my weakness. There is a great deal to excite and



upset me. Do pray for the Lord to guide, instruct and keep me. I am so delicate that every one seems afraid to take me in. Yet the Lord I know will open some door and direct me.

I intend if the Lord strengthens me to recommence my work amongst the poor in Lincoln. Do ask the Lord to fit me, if He intends it. I long to win souls for Him. I have *nothing to live* for but *His glory*. I should have written before but have had so much to think of. I know you will like to hear how I am. I have thought of publishing my case of healing for God's glory and the encouragement of others. If you write to me before the last of March, address as before, please.

Believe me, yours sincerely, in Christ Jesus,  
MISS LOUISE LOCKWOOD.

MRS. E. MIX.

NEW HAVEN, June 30, 1880.

*My Dear Friend:*—I take pleasure in writing you the explanation of my case, and how wonderfully I am being healed through *faith* and *trust* in *God*.

I have been an invalid for seven years the middle of August, with scrofula, rheumatic inflamma-

tion of the throat, spine and nerves, and tubercles. When you first called to see me (a little over a year ago), I was very weak and extremely nervous, my spine and throat being a very agonizing trouble, having three weeks previous to your call a very ill turn. I had not my voice above a low whisper, and growing much worse daily, could not use my left arm of any account; my right one I could use to take my medicine when as well as usual. The pain was so acute in my spine I could hardly turn in bed at all; my lungs were also very sensitive, one of them the doctors called entirely diseased, troubled for breath, etc. My tonsils eaten out by ulceration, and that caused the epiglottis to enlarge about twice the natural size; this trouble had reached to the stomach and bowels, and often choked me, especially when I had the terrible paroxysm in the spine and throat, the effects often lasting ten days before I could feel very much relief in my spine. My bowels troubled me continually, with constipation. I had to be lifted in the most careful manner from my bed to an easy rocker once a week when able to have my bed made, then back again as quick as possible. I have not taken any medicine for the six months

past, and not anything of any account since you first called to see me.

I enjoy your calls so much, for your strong faith encourages mine greatly to have you pray with and for me, anointing me with oil in the name of the Lord, believing that I may be healed if I will put perfect trust and confidence in Him who is able and willing to alleviate our sufferings. I did, and our prayers were answered in a great measure in about an hour after you left. I received strength in my spine and throat to be able to speak so I could be heard in the adjoining room. Then in twenty-four hours I could move my partially paralyzed limb, with considerable exertion, off the edge of the bed, but remember at that time I had not been able for three years to move my limbs of any account.

My second relief was to be able to walk with the aid of a cane and some one standing the other side of me, from my bed to an easy rocker in the middle of the room, which is about eight feet. The first time in trying to walk I could not place my heel down to the floor without falling backwards on account of the acute pain it caused in my spine. I tried to walk on my toes for several

weeks so as to try and get my heel down. Then with my Heavenly Father's strength I became able to turn over in bed easily and look out of the window and do considerable crocheting. I could not read very much at this time. The next improvement, I could go from my bed to the next room (opposite side), to a lounge, and sit bolstered up an hour and a half twice a week with the aid of a cane and some one standing back of me to steady my spine if I reeled backwards, as I was liable to do, as I could not get my heel quite down to the floor. Then back to the bed again in the same manner. You may think it strange when I tell you I could go back to bed even better than I went from it. You may ask what was the reason? It was answer to fervent prayer to God while sitting up. He helped me to lean on Him with more confidence, and my lame limb would go down to the floor easier.

The next improvement which God saw best to give me was to drop my cane and trust more fully in His strength. Now I am able to go into the other room alone (some one being near me). The Lord said, "As thy days are, so shall thy strength be;" and "All things are possible to him that be-

lieveth." These and many others are precious promises to me. I am improving every day in some respect, but the hot weather does not give me quite as much strength as the cooler days. My case has changed since there was so much improvement in my lungs, for I used to like the warmer days the best, but now the cooler ones are preferable. My bowels are in better condition. It is as you have told me, that my nerves will be the last thing to be healed, for when I become stronger my nerves will receive more real strength, and at last I hope I shall come off conqueror, with the "Divine Power" aiding me. I have not the least doubt but that He has something yet in store for me to do. My earnest plea is what He will have me to do, and that I may have strength given me to do it to His honor and glory. God does answer prayer in the most wonderful ways. He has given us the power to help in this missionary work, by giving me strength to take my pencil and write to my friends, or our prayers in silent but faithful effort to do His will in everything as far as He gives us strength. Oh, how sure and precious are His promises.

The last improvement, thus far, I have been

permitted with strength to ride out twice, an hour at a time. In whatever way the Lord has seen best to improve my health, it has seemed to be lasting; my limb has not gone back, neither has my voice, but is being strengthened continually; am now sitting bolstered up one hour and a half, to two hours at a time, which is not gaining quite as fast as some, but God does not think best that I should get right up as He permits others to do. I am thankful for a little improvement for the better if it does seem slow; there are a great many chronic difficulties to contend with; as the doctors used to say, your case is a peculiar one; it takes time for some to be healed, while others are getting well in an instant as it were, by the power of God and answer to the prayer of faith. It was a long time before I thought I should have to give up to sickness, but when the time came it was sudden, and I think I shall be healed sudden at last, just as soon as the dear Lord sees best to take away all disease and give me entire strength. I am waiting His own best time. I am now so I can read a little more at a time, and remember what I read better than any time during my long illness. I consider this a great blessing. It used to be like

a hammer beating on my brain to read, or have much read to me. I thank you, Mrs. Mix, for the many earnest prayers you have offered in my behalf, and for the answer God has been so kind to give me. My prayer is that you may long live to be the instrument of much good in this world, through the power of "Our Divine Master." I hope the time will soon come when all invalids cannot say I am sick, but that God has washed me with His blood and made me whole. I think that "Each promise is a staff if we have faith to lean on it; God is wiser than man; let Him rule." To Him I give the praise for my restoration to health thus far. You may use all or part of this as you think best, for the "Glory of God."

On the 25th day of July, I was able to be carried in an easy chair by boat and baggage car to Ocean Grove, and by the blessing of the Lord I was soon able to go to Miss Jennie Smith's home in Burlington, N. J. This dear sister was healed in answer to believing prayer after sixteen years of utter helplessness. October 6th I arrived at my home in New Haven to the surprise of my neighbors and friends, and when Sabbath came I walked to church, where I had not been for over



eight years, and I can say, let all the earth praise the Lord.

Jennie Smith has been telling the Green street Methodist congregation, Philadelphia, that she was cured of a chronic spinal disease by a miracle. She was bedridden for sixteen years. A few months ago, when she was in the Homœopathic Hospital, she asked Dr. John C. Morgan to pray with her, as she felt that she was going to sit up. He did so, and in a few minutes afterward she sat up in her chair. This was after all trials to bolster her up by means of pillows and hands had failed. From this time she began to have a strong belief that she would be able to walk again, and at length she appointed a certain time for a miraculous cure. Some of her friends were invited. To others she wrote asking them to offer up specific prayer on her behalf on that day. After waiting until nearly midnight she asked two persons present to take her by the arms, as she felt that the time had come. They complied, and, with barely any effort on their part, she rose to her feet and walked. Since that time she has had complete use of her limbs. Dr. Morgan declares the truth of her story.

From your friend, trusting in Jesus,

M. E. HALL.



DAMASCUS, April 27, 1881.

You wished me to write something concerning my sickness and my recovery by prayer. I will try to do so. For a number of years preceding my sickness, I seemed to be gradually failing in health, each year growing weaker and weaker, until April 1st, 1879, I was suddenly prostrated with heart disease, the physicians said; and for twenty months I could not stand upon my feet, or sit up, and most of the time could not raise my head from my pillow. More than half of the time I seemed to be hovering between life and death. I suffered as it seems death itself. My nerves were so sensitive, that it was almost impossible to endure the slightest sound. With my other diseases I began bloating with dropsy. It soon settled round my heart. The water round the heart caused those awful sinking spells, that I cannot describe, nor do I wish to, for I do not like to think of them. I was getting discouraged, for I knew that I could not live much longer, and through all my sickness I had a strong desire to get well, although I did not say much about it. Then a friend heard of Mrs. Mix, and wrote to her concerning me. She sent her reply

to me, saying that she would pray for me on the 17th of November, and that I must pray for faith and strength to be given me, and that I might be restored to health. It seemed rather strange to me at first, but as I thought more about it, it became plainer, and I thought that I would try. I commenced praying for faith, and when the hour came and my friends arrived, who were to offer up prayer in my behalf, I was not excited in the least. While they were praying I was alone in my room, which was my wish, and when they had ceased praying I sat up in bed, something I could not do before without great trouble with my heart. Then they put me in the rocking-chair; and I sat there a few minutes. My friends came in to see me sitting up, a sight they never expected to witness. While sitting up I requested another prayer, which was granted, and we thanked and praised the Lord together. I tried sitting up every day for a week; then I caught a heavy cold which sent the water around my heart again, and for three weeks I was very sick. On the 15th of December, 1880, Mrs. Mix was praying for a neighbor, who had been bedridden for years. I knew of it and was praying for him too, though I

was feeling very badly myself. I was trying to eat a little dinner, but my appetite was so poor that I could not eat anything. Suddenly I felt as if I could sit up, so they helped me up on the side of the bed. Then I wanted to stand on my feet. They put me on my feet, and assisted me to walk a few steps; then I said, let me go, and I walked all round the room. I went out in the kitchen, which is quite a distance. I came back to my own room and took my singing-book and sung piece after piece just as loud and clear as I ever sang. Oh, I was so happy, I did not know what I said or did. In a few minutes I wanted to take a ride. The horse and cutter were brought, and I walked out on the porch and down the steps to the cutter without much assistance. I took a short ride; I did not go to bed again that day; I have been gaining ever since; I have been to church twice. How good it seemed to be there again. The distance to the church is about five miles; I did not come back the same day. I ride out almost every day. I can walk all round the house on the first floor, and have walked a little distance on the ground several times. When I get very tired my heart troubles me some, but the

Lord has done much for me, and can do much more. "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him." I have felt the loving presence of Jesus more than I ever did before. I will ask you to remember me in your faith meetings, that I may be entirely restored to health, and that I may trust always in Jesus, who has done so much for me.

L. D. TYLER.

This lady fully recovered and was married one year from the day she was first prayed for.

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ADAMS NERVINE ASYLUM,  
JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS., August, 1881.

MRS. MIX :—For many years I have been an invalid; for years together utterly helpless, at other times able to walk from room to room, but suffered intensely all this time. I came here January 1st, and have been confined to my bed since. Several of the doctors here (there is only one exception) think I have *incurable* spine and other diseases, and I am to leave here soon. I can step a few steps, and only that. For years I have been much interested in "prayer cures," and I have been peculiarly led all these years.

Over a year ago (I had heard indirectly of you before) I heard of one who was going to write

you to come to their home; then I thought it is so near she can come to mine; but they changed their minds. I sent to them for your address; they thought they had lost it, etc., etc., and in no way could I get it. Now I know it was God that prevented it, as I was not quite ready for it.

Month by month, and even hour by hour, I have been gradually led up to the present light, to understand more fully the life of faith, and gradually as I could bear it, letters and leaflets have come to me, and four days ago "The Prayer of Faith," by Carrie F. Judd, came to me with wonderful help and strength, and although I had not thought to write you till I left here, God has spoken to me to write to you. For some reason it has been very much harder even than usual to write this; a hand seems holding mine firmly to prevent my writing, and still God says, write, and I try to obey His will. I shall make no excuses for writing, for this *resistance* is something I do not understand. I am surrounded by loving Christian people, but none seem to have faith in prayer cures, and that has tried my faith. One patient who can come into my room occasionally is interested with me. She is one of God's noblest

women. She feels as do I, that we are so earnest that God must make known His will to us in some way. Sometimes we cannot meet, but we each pray in our own rooms for the other. Now is one of those times, but I cannot write you without mentioning her name too, Miss Carrie L. French, although she does not know. Will you pray for us? About *acting faith*, I would not be allowed to do more than at present, unless I say my pain is gone, or greatly relieved. I do feel it would be to God's glory to cure me suddenly, and show His power while I am here; but if He sees not best, or if he wishes to cure me gradually (I feel for one week I have been gaining and have slept three nights in answer to prayer), then His will be done. Please pray that *our* faith fail not, and that we may know His will, and if it is for His glory and honor we may be cured suddenly.

One lady who has done a noble missionary work, a lovely Christian, is despondent because she feels it wrong not to have faith.

One of the head managers, or rather superiors, said to her, "I cannot have faith in these faith cures, but if you, Miss Bowen, should be cured *now*, or Miss Cowles, I should have faith."

I would love dearly to be cured if it is *His will*, but I shall have strength to wait His time, here or in Heaven. O, if we only could have strength to receive the promises, it seems as if His name would be so glorified, especially in Miss Bowen's case. O, will you not as *soon as you receive this pray earnestly for us?* I think we are ready for the blessing so long denied till we were ready. Christ is very near us, and I *know* He told me to write to you, although it has been such a difficult task; how difficult only He knows who constantly told me I was doing His will, although it takes my utmost strength, and my back is so weak.

I beg of you, in the name of Christ, to help us.

If this reaches you so that you can answer before the 17th, or so it can reach here the night of the 19th, please direct as the heading of the letter. If not please enclose in another envelope, directed to Benj. S. Codman, M. D., 13 and 15 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., and he will send it wherever I am. This is a delightful *Institute for nervous (not insane) people*. Mine is spinal trouble.

I fear there will be trouble in reading this, but that I cannot help, but God can.

I am one of Christ's little suffering ones.

ALMENA J. COWLES.



BOSTON, September 7, 1881.

MRS. MIX :—Your kind letter was received yesterday. The 24th of August I came here from the Nervine Asylum for a few days until the doctors could complete the arrangements to take me to “The Home for Incurables,” in Brooklyn. I am now admitted, but shall not need to go, as at my request Dr. Peck, Miss Hawes, and my kind doctor, came to pray with me, August 30th, and I was healed by the dear Lord, after being anointed in His name by Dr. Peck, and I am gaining in strength every day; am dressed all day, and go up and down stairs several times in a day. I shall probably soon go to my home in or near Amherst, Mass. It is indeed a miracle, and I know that you will praise the Lord with me for His wonderful spiritual and physical blessing. Believe me *very, very* grateful for your kind letter. May the Lord bless you in the noble work to which He has called you. For some reason it still tires me to write, and as I am situated cannot conveniently write with pen and ink, therefore you will pardon this.

Very respectfully and gratefully,

ALMENA J. COWLES.



ERIE, 3, 7, 1882.

SISTER MIX :—Beloved in the Lord. It gives me pleasure to comply with your request in relation to my healing.

Taught from childhood to believe that the gift of healing perished with the close of the Apostolic age, I was slow to embrace the teachings of the Bible.

My malady had been from childhood, very seldom a day passed that I did not suffer more or less with pain across my forehead, often so severe as wholly to unfit me for the care of children or household duties. In consequence of the intense pain my eyesight was impaired, so that I had to use glasses at twenty-five years of age. Vomiting would sometimes afford me temporary relief, only to be followed by more intense suffering ; so the years passed by. My husband being a physician, administered the usual remedies, indeed, everything available, with but transient benefit, so I made up my mind to endure it to the end of life.

The gastric disturbance which often attended the acute paroxysms of pain were of so intense a character that the retching and vomiting would only cease when my strength was so far exhausted that I could no longer make the effort.

All this I suffered for thirty years ! In the fall of 1881 my attention was aroused to healing by prayer on reading Miss Judd's book. Sometime in December, 1881, my husband wrote you, requesting you to pray for my healing. I did not know he had done so until he received your answer, telling us to unite with you in prayer for healing on the first Wednesday in January, at 2.30 o'clock, P.M. We fasted on that day and offered earnest prayer for deliverance.

On the receipt of your letter, as stated above, I immediately laid aside all remedial agents, and committed my case wholly to God.

On Wednesday afternoon I realized great relief, "I saw men as trees walking," but on Thursday morning, blessed be God, the pain was gone, nor has it or the gastric disturbance returned. O, I have passed into a new world. Draw near, all ye of like precious faith, and unite with me in praise to my Redeemer, who hath done such great things for me.

My sleep is as peaceful and sweet as a child's, my head clear, appetite good, blessed be God, I am well.

Many thanks to you for the interest you have

taken in my welfare, the Lord reward you an hundred fold, and make you a blessing to many.

In the faith, respectfully,

MRS. DR. J. A. BASSETT.

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NO. 99 GOFFE STREET,  
NEW HAVEN, CONN., JUNE 29, 1880.

This is to certify that I, Leonard S. Turner, was taken very ill about November 29th, 1878, with hemorrhage of the lungs, and was confined to my bed until April, and had had the best of medical advice, and those physicians thinking my case a hopeless and incurable one, so at the last extremity, when breath appeared to be leaving the body, my family thought it advisable to consult with Mrs. Mix and husband, as she had been so highly recommended for her wonderful cures, that they sent for her, and by their joint supervision, under the instrumentality and faith in God, I was able to walk about the room in about one-half or three-quarters of an hour after their entrance. I am now able to attend to my business, and have not had to procure a physician since, simply by faith in prayer.

LEONARD S. TURNER.

KILLINGWORTH, CONN., December 9, 1881.

It is with pleasure that I give my testimony in regard to faith healing in the year of 1881. My eyes began troubling me, when suddenly they became so painful I was obliged to give up using them entirely. I consulted a skillful oculist. He said my eyes were in a very bad condition, and if I did not get help there was great danger of my getting entirely blind; after examining them closely he prescribed for me. I followed his directions, suitable glasses were procured, but the improvement was very slow, and in the month of May they became worse. I again went to the oculist to seek advice, hoping to obtain relief; after a space of time I felt a slight improvement, but in the month of June they were much worse. After the 20th of June I could not go out doors when the sun was shining, the pain in them was so severe it was impossible for me to bear the sunlight or lamplight. I was obliged to keep them bandaged, or stay in a dark room, that being the only way of relief from suffering. I was fully satisfied that the remedies used were not accomplishing the work. I had heard of faith cures for some time, and I verily believed in

them, because I knew God's promises were true, I at once came to the conclusion that my eyes could be healed by faith in God. I knew the camp-meeting was to be held at Tylerville, the 20th of August, I was quite sure Mrs. Mix would be there; I resolved to see her and be healed. On the evening of the 24th I went to the camp ground and found Mrs. Mix's tent; after talking with her a few minutes I had perfect faith that I should be healed. She told me I must lay aside all medicine, and my glasses, and trust wholly in God's power for healing. I had worn glasses constantly for seven months or kept in a dark room, as the oculist had directed; unless I had believed that God would heal them then and there, in answer to prayer, nothing would have tempted me to have left off my glasses; but I believed and I took them off once for all. After we had prayed together Mrs. Mix anointed my eyes, and laid her hands on them in the name of Jesus, I left the tent believing I was healed. When I returned to a room where there was a light I felt none of the former pain in my eyes. On the 26th I again attended the camp-meeting, a ride of six miles, believing I should receive

strength from God to do it, and I did, bless His holy name! On Sunday, the 28th, I went again in spite of the intense heat of the sun. I could see that I was gaining fast. Sometimes temptations came and my eyes felt a little weak. I would say: I am healed, and I will act faith; and so on I went trusting, I was confident the power that removed the pain would help me bear the trial. It is now over three months since I was healed, and my eyes are gaining rapidly every day. I use them several hours a day in sewing or reading, and I can do it without fear by simply trusting in God. I am more fully persuaded than ever before that all things are possible to him that believeth; the light of God's spirit is poured into my heart, and I am so happy trusting in the Lord.

It is not for merit that I have done,  
 It is not by effort of my own;  
 But through His wondrous grace alone,  
 I am kept by the power of God.

Yours in faith,

MISS ROSE NETTLETON.

I have written this testimony by lamp-light.

January 23, 1882.

DEAR MRS. MIX :—Because I have not been miraculously raised from a *sickbed*, as have so many, I have hesitated about giving my testimony to the public; but when I look back upon the past two years and see how wonderfully my life and health have been preserved, in answer to believing prayer, I feel that even my experience may be a help to some other trembling one.

I had been an invalid the greater part of eighteen years, sometimes shut in my room for months, then again strong enough to ride and do some light work. Twice during this time I was quite well for a year or more. One year and a half before I was healed, I was suddenly taken *very ill*. I did not leave the house for nearly a year. I was able to ride, do some light work, and attend church a few times during the summer, gaining very slowly, suffering *much* from weakness and nervous prostration.

As Mrs. Mix was in town about this time, friends advised my seeing her. I called upon her the evening of November 1st, with little expectation of receiving benefit.

After conversing with Mrs. Mix a few moments



upon the subject of faith and physical healing, she asked me to pray that I might be healed. I was at once forcibly impressed with the fact that I had never offered such a prayer, although an invalid so *many years*. I had asked God for patience and submission to His will, never thinking the prayer of faith could heal the sick.

After we had knelt in prayer Mrs. Mix anointed with oil in the name of the Lord, and soon asked if I thought I was healed. I acknowledged that I felt *no change*, no relief from pain. Mrs. Mix again knelt in prayer, and the *power of God then* possessed my entire being; all pain left me. I believed that I was healed, and said to those awaiting their turn in an adjoining room as I passed out, "I am healed, and in the name of the Lord expect to walk to church to-morrow." (I was stopping at grandparents' about quarter of a mile from church.) The change was so great I could but praise the Lord, when I awoke to consciousness during the night. The next morning I walked to church, attended Love Feast at nine o'clock, remained through morning service and Sunday school, rode two and a half miles to my home. I sat up through the afternoon, and at night felt



very little fatigue. The following morning some of the old pain returned, and as I took my bed I began to wonder if I was really healed. I then remembered that I was to pray in the name of the Lord that this pain might be removed (St. Matt. xxi. 22.) While in prayer the same power came over me that I experienced during Mrs. Mix's prayer in my behalf; all pain left me, and I arose praising God.

I have been tried during the past two years, but the Great Physician, in whom I trust, has been near at hand, removing pain and renewing strength in answer to the prayer of faith immediately.

Once during the past two years my faith has been somewhat severely tested. I was thrown from a sleigh, and my arm was *severely bruised*. In the name of the Lord I anointed the same, leaving myself in the care of the Great Physician who had done so much for me. In a few weeks the arm was healed.

I have not taken a drop of medicine since I was healed nor have I needed any. I take long walks, work from early morning till late at night, and can endure more than at any time before in my life.

I am continually praising the Lord for these blessings, both spiritual and physical, that are daily received.

M. E. MERRILL.

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In the year 1880 I was taken very sick with what some physician called prostrated nerves; the sensation was like worms creeping and stringing all through and in my body and limbs. I employed four different physicians, Dr. Laurence, Mrs. Dr. Sprague, Dr. Vaille and Dr. Foster, but all to no purpose; for nearly six months I suffered in this way; the physicians did not exactly agree as to what was the trouble; some said it was worms, and treated me for that, until, like the woman in the gospel, I had spent all my living on physicians, and made nothing better, but grew worse; the creeping sensation had become so bad, as if every nerve had left their proper places if it were possible, and had gathered in my stomach and bowels, until it seemed as if I should go wild. I could not sleep day nor night, but would scream and screech like one deranged, and could not possibly help it; and then the feeling would be as if they were all let loose and running all through my back and

limbs. I could not stay alone, and as I was growing worse, my husband thought if I could go to New Haven that the salt water might do me good; so the arrangements were made for me to go, and a lady to go with me to take care of me. I went, and for a few days I think there was a little change for the better, but I soon became worse again. I then left there, and came to Meriden to a friend of mine, and she soon began to tell me about Mrs. Mix coming to Meriden every few weeks, and how many people were healed in answer to her prayers. I had considerable faith in being cured in that way, for I knew no medicine could ever cure me; so a letter was sent immediately to Wolcottville for Mrs. Mix to come to see me, but Mr. Mix replied she was not at home, but would be in Meriden in a few days. I then was bloated terribly; in a few days I heard she was in Meriden, and sent for her to come and see me; she came, and after talking awhile and showing me the simplicity of faith, she then requested me to pray, which I did with all the earnestness possible; then she offered the prayer of faith, and, anointing me with oil, laid her hand upon me in the name of the Lord, and I felt the power of

God passing all through my body, and through faith in the name of Jesus, the nerves quieted down, and I arose from my bed as if filled with new life, spiritually as well as physically, and walked into another room, and that afternoon dressed myself and went out on the street; slept well that night, and the next day walked on the street quite a distance, and sent word to my husband that I was healed, and in a few days went home to Springfield, and have been able since to do any amount of work; sometimes when I have worked beyond my strength I have felt a little of the old sensation, and I would ask the Lord to remove it, and he heard and answered, and I do feel to praise God with my whole heart, for he has done for me what no physician could do.

Soul and body both united,  
Thou hast healed the self-same hour;  
Now can I exclaim delighted,  
Thou hast wrought a perfect cure.

MRS. ELIZABETH BAPTIST,  
Springfield, Mass.

## FAITH IN PRAYER.

DEAR EDITOR:—Please permit me to speak a few words to “A Great Sufferer.” From my present condition of gradual but sure restoration to health, I look back on years of pain and weakness, and my heart is drawn out in sympathy for you, dear suffering one. But while you say “prayer, joined with skill and experience will accomplish much,” God, in His Word, declares, “The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.” (James v. 15.)

Now I pray that you may be led to cast aside all reliance on human skill, all unbelieving scruples, and cast yourself with entire confidence on God’s precious promises. By faith we may ask God for healing—not if it is His will—but because it is His will as clearly expressed in His promises; and when He speaks it is not for us to question. Several leading papers, among them, I believe, the *Witness*, have published an account of the marvelous cure of Miss Carrie F. Judd of Buffalo, N. Y., who, it is confidently asserted, was healed in answer to the prayers of a colored woman, Mrs. Mix. I date my own restoration from the hour when I providentially met this same Mrs. Mix.

Could I write you a private letter I might refer you to many others who have received a like blessing. If you will write to Mrs. Edward Mix, Wolcottville, Conn., you may learn far more than I can tell you. I trust you may yet be blessed with health, and, what is far better, a new experience of God's love and faithfulness. You will need to remember this is not at all a matter of feeling. We are to rely wholly on the promise, even though we feel worse and everything else seems against us. "According to your faith be it unto you."

#### ONE WHO FINDS THE PROMISE SURE.

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STEWARTSTOWN, N. H., September 4, 1881.

Having seen a piece in the weekly *Sun* of August 3rd, entitled, the sick raised by faith, and as I believed in God's promises in answering prayer, and as I had suffered very much in the past year with kidney trouble,—the physician had tried in vain to cure me, but had failed,—I made up my mind to send to Mrs. Mix and have her pray for me, and write to me and give me whatever advice she thought necessary, and set an

especial day and hour that I might unite with her in prayer, addressing a throne of mercy; she replied to my letter; she set the day and hour, and our united prayer went up to God, united as the prayer of one man; and the answer came with the blessing, and I was healed, made every whit whole to the glory of God; and from that day have been able to work hard all day long, and feel as well as ever I felt in all my life.

MR. RANDALL HARRIMAN.

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DEAR AFFLICTED FRIENDS IN JESUS:—I have a strong desire to testify what the dear Lord has done for me, in hopes that it may strengthen some who are held by bonds of infirmity as I have been, and while they are walking by faith, spiritually, they are unable to take one step by faith, physically, even with all the precious promises before them. Knowing by sad experience the darkness into which Satan is ever ready to lead the children of God, having groped in darkness for several years, often striving in agony to lay hold on the promise by faith for my healing.

From childhood my body was never very strong, and about fifteen years ago, by over fatigue and



deep affliction, resulting in brain fever, I became a nervous wreck; I was unable to see friends, read or write for over two years, then, by accident, I strained the broad ligaments on the right side, causing ovarian hemorrhage, and many times I was very near death. During four or five years I was frequently confined to the bed for months at a time, yet the presence of the spirit gave me such an abounding cheerfulness that I was often a wonder to myself and all around me, that in the midst of severest suffering I could rejoice. I had the counsel of the best physicians; they gave (Mark v. 26;) no hope of recovery, I was frequently entirely helpless; I was carried about in my husband's arms like a child, from bed to bed, and from room to room; thus many years of the best of my life passed away; I often prayed to die or recover. Gradually the matter of being healed by God's power dawned upon my mind.

An account of a wonderful cure by faith came to notice in a paper. I laid it before the Lord in prayer, read and re-read the promises with great interest; and during a spell of much suffering, while asking to be relieved through faith, it occurred to me the Lord needed no help in medicine; He was able to heal without it, and I asked Him to



give me an answer, and soon felt a strange sensation passing from my head over my whole body; all distress was gone. I thanked Him and went to sleep like a tired child; in the morning awoke, feeling well, and with little aid arose and walked out to breakfast; felt a strange, calm rest in mind, and gladly put away my medicine; five happy days passed, gaining strength and hope, but just as sudden as a shock another attack of hemorrhage came. I fought it in prayer two days, but did not understand the Lord's dealing, and unable to free myself from Satan's grasp, death seemed to stare me in the face. At the earnest request of my friends I again took medicine; after many weeks of suffering was able to get up, but the *calm* rest of faith forsook me, yet when looking in God's word I was assured that, concerning healing of soul and body, it meant just what it said.

They were parallel facts. I groped in darkness, sighing to grasp the promises in faith for the healing of my body, having lost confidence in earthly skill, which only gave temporary relief. I was able to superintend my house part of the time, with the greatest care. After nearly eleven years spent thus, a testimony of Miss Carrie F.

Judd's wonderful faith cure fell into my hands. Being unable to sit up, at my request, my husband gladly wrote to Mrs. Mix, who had prayed for her, requesting prayer for me; we received an immediate reply, that she would pray for me at a set time, also requesting to have all medicine put away, which I did, and before the hour of prayer I had faith to rise (although I had not been off the bed for five days, nor even raised up), and by urging, prevailed on friends to bring my clothes, and with assistance put them on, that I might sit up during prayer, which the dear Lord answered, and gave unusual strength rapidly. But, alas! I had not taken my other complaints to the Lord in the same faith; they clung still closer than before, till, worn out with struggling often in prayer for grace, patience, and faith, thus losing much sleep, I felt that something else must be done instead of leaving it with the Lord as I had my soul. I took medicine, and, like the children of Israel, wandered long because of unbelief.

A book of faith cures by Dr. Charles Cullis was given me, which inspired new hope, inducing me to ask an interest in his prayer for my healing, left medicine, resolved to trust again in God for re-

covery; he kindly replied, setting a time which I observed, and was strengthened in faith, able to be round the house most of the time. Still feeling doubts of full restoration, I wrote Mrs. Mix to ask full health for me, and at her appointed time spent the afternoon in prayer. All at once *every* bad feeling left, body and soul felt well. I rejoiced and thanked God. That night, the first in months, I slept soundly, feeling a hundred times refreshed on waking; after three happy days the tempter (who well knew my past skepticism) beset me that it was my own will power in which I trusted, and after listening to his suggestions instead of fleeing to Jesus, trusting in Him *alone*, I fought the enemy, and he gained a partial victory; bless the Lord, who did not leave me to myself.

A death in our family changed our plans, giving me an opportunity to visit the East, where I had another short sickness, and resolved to visit Mrs. Mix as soon as able to travel, hoping through her prayer of faith to be delivered from the power of the evil one, who had held me bound by infirmity so many years, not only with the diseases mentioned, but hemorrhoidal difficulty, causing paralysis of the lower bowel, obliging me to use an

enema for every movement with few exceptions for fifteen years.

I stayed several days at her place, holding sweet communion, with precious seasons of prayer, feeling refreshed and instructed in the company of one whom God has so richly blest to the recovery of so many suffering ones by her prayer of faith.

She anointed me according to James v. 14, 15; though *feeling* no change, I was impressed to exclaim, it is done; the night following I was awakened with a strange sensation, entirely relieving my body of all weary aches, leaving me with a feeling of health and strength.

I soon left her place, rejoicing that God had blessed me so greatly, and for some days was permitted to testify to my friends of God's healing power, when an unexpected trial suddenly overtook and nearly prostrated me. It shook my faith because I could not at once lay hold of the promises and be free from the result, though never desiring to use medicine or any other means. Though sometimes cast down with fear and pain, I with God's help wait with full confidence in His word, enjoying constantly the influence of His

spirit, and have no disposition to return to medicine.

Oh, that I could speak loud enough for all weary, sick, struggling ones to hear, and take warning from my sad experience, and never let go the precious promises which were given for our help and shield in temptations as well as in victory.

About two years ago, during the time I was asking the Lord to heal me, a marvelous healing recorded in faith cures, impressed me that my husband's eye, with which he never saw light, could receive sight; he was incredulous, but I was led to pray for an evidence to be given him that God was able and willing to answer the prayer of faith. I requested the believing friends and Mrs. Mix to join me, feeling thus directed by the spirit. And to our joy the dear Lord answered us with an evidence of His willingness, by giving him partial sight, unexpectedly and to his great joy, and it remains to him very useful. To God be all the glory.

MRS. GEO. P. GUILD,  
Portage, Wis.

4404 BUTLER STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.,

MRS. EDWARD MIX.

March 31, 1882.

*My Dear Sister in Christ:*—It certainly affords me great pleasure to comply with the request in your letter of the 13th inst., to write in detail my experience in faith healing as relates to myself, and also to members of my own family, to be incorporated in the book you purpose publishing. Trusting that the same may be to the honor and glory of God, and that others who are afflicted, and who may read what I may write, may by my experience take courage, and likewise resort to the same unfailing source for relief from physical ailments.

My letter to you of last December was written under great physical suffering, at which time I requested your prayers, and consequently my experience was not nearly so full, nor written in a style suitable for the public eye. While I again go over the whole ground, may the Holy Spirit direct, is my prayer.

For 13 years (October 15, 1881) I have been a sufferer from that distressing disease, the asthma. A physician myself, in active practice for twenty-five years, you may rest assured that I have tried

about every known remedy to effect a cure, but without success. All have proved to be only palliatives. Treatment, it is true, would give great relief, but the symptoms would again and again recur with increased intensity, until exhausted nature would be ready to sink. It is not my intention, nor is it the object of this paper, to write an essay on the subject of asthma; but how intensely I suffered will be sufficiently elucidated during the course of my narrative.

About a year and a half ago (keep in mind the date from which I write, October, 1881,) my mind was exercised in regard to faith healing, and at that time I committed my case to the Lord's hands. But, alas ! and alas ! I fell at the first onset with the enemy of souls, and *when the trial of faith began*, and my old distressing symptoms returned with increased severity, I virtually dismissed the Lord, my physician, from the case by resorting again to the use of medicines for relief. I immediately fell into condemnation and darkness. My readers can readily sympathize with me in my downfall, when they for a moment reflect how strong the temptation to an experienced physician would be to resort to those means which his knowledge in



the use of remedies would lead him to adopt for speedy relief.

On the 15th day of October, 1881, I reviewed the battle-ground, and the scene of my disgraceful defeat, and being weaker and worse physically than ever before, I concluded to again ask the Lord to undertake my case. My attention had been recalled to the subject by my excellent Christian brother, John A. Best, Esq., of Washington, Pa., who advised me to send for and read Miss Carrie Judd's little book, "The Prayer of Faith." I procured a copy, and had the book several weeks before I found time to read it.

At the above-mentioned time, all my family being away at our summer cottage on the Valley Camp Ground, sixteen miles distant from the city, I availed myself of the opportunity and quietude to talk with God and not be disturbed.

On that day I solemnly resolved to throw all medicines to the bats and owls, and never touch them again so far as myself individually was concerned.

Being in doubt, in view of my former faithlessness, whether God would again undertake my case, I had a preliminary interview with Him that



evening, and with tears in my eyes, and a copy of His word in my hands, I asked Him to talk to me through His word, and indicate to me His mind, and so direct me that I could not mistake the language, at the same time promising Him that if He would have mercy upon and heal me, I would trust Him although He should slay me. Immediately upon opening the Book my eyes fell upon this passage in Jer. xxxi. 20, "Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him I do earnestly remember him still: therefore my bowels are troubled for him; *I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord.*" Could any one possibly misunderstand such language? Nay, verily. At once it dissipated my fears, filled my heart with hope and gratitude, and gave me courage to come boldly to a throne of grace and ask largely.

Before committing my case fully to the Lord, I desired to have my faith strengthened, and to this end I postponed the matter until I could read Carrie Judd's little book, which was indeed to my soul "as water to the thirsty ground."

The 15th of October, the day I abjured all medicines, was Saturday. That morning the family all

departed for Valley Camp to be absent three days. That night I had the preliminary interview with the Lord, and read a portion of Miss Judd's book. On Sunday night I read portions of the Word and the remainder of Miss Judd's book, sitting up as late as 2 o'clock Monday morning. At that hour I solemnly dedicated myself to the Lord, and promised Father, that I would be willing to be anything or nothing, and follow Him wheresoever He might lead, if He would heal my body of all its complicated diseases, and fill me with His Holy Spirit. I asked in the name of the Lord, and with faith, that He would answer my prayer, although I did not feel that the work was an instantaneous one. I was suffering considerably at the time. I rested comparatively well during the remainder of the night, and the struggle and trial of faith did not begin until the morning.

I give these details that the reader may the better comprehend the situation and understand God's dealings with me.

Now observe how soon, and in what manner my trial of faith began. Only six hours after my promise made to the Lord, to wit, at 8 o'clock Monday morning, the postman brought me a letter from

one who for years had been fully conversant with my dreadful periodical asthmatic attacks. In that letter was written a recipe reputed to be, "*a radical cure for asthma!*" and which the writer importunately urged me to try. By this time I was suffering greatly; relief was what I wanted. Here then was a first-class temptation, for the remedy was simple, and "sure to give prompt relief and finally effect a radical cure!" See how soon the opposing forces began their work. That letter was written as soon as I had determined to throw away all medicine, and reached me six hours after my consecration. The temptation was of such character that, so soon as I could become disengaged from professional services in the office, I determined to lay the matter before the Lord, and ask for guidance and strength. Retiring to my chamber, I did so, and was immediately directed in His Word to Isa. xii. 2, "*Behold GOD is my salvation ; I will trust and not be afraid ; for the LORD JEHOVAH is my strength and my song ; He also is become my salvation.*"

Surely the Lord was talking directly to me, for no language could have been more pertinent and pointed. Yes, *God* and not "asthma cures," was

to be my salvation; and that "cure for asthma" at once fell so far below *par* as never to be brought to mind again, as far as its *use* was concerned.

In this connection I desire to show how wonderfully God in His merciful kindness has dealt with me and mine.

*Ten hours* after my own consecration to God and His service wholly, He laid His loving hand upon my beloved wife, in order, no doubt, to bring her also up to the same higher plane of Christian perfection. While at the camp ground our youngest son, in his sixth year, accidentally flirted *concentrated lye* into both her eyes, burning them terribly. She was led that evening (Monday) from the railroad station to our home, only a short distance, with bandaged eyes, and was apparently blind. The lids of both eyes were swollen to their fullest extent, and I could only see the eye-balls by forcibly opening the eyelids. I was alarmed at their condition, for not only were the inside of the lids fearfully burned, but the ball of her left eye was also most dangerously involved. The *prognosis* was unfavorable, for under the best medical treatment the damage to the eyes would require weeks, if not months, for repair, with the

chance that the vision of the left eye would be seriously impaired, if not totally destroyed. Comprehending the situation at the time of the accident, my wife immediately gave herself into the Lord's hands, being willing rather to enter the kingdom blind, if it was His will, than not go in at all. Not knowing this (for she did not tell me until the next day nor did I till then tell her what I had done) I felt it my duty to put her under treatment, which I did, but discontinued it entirely when I subsequently learned what she had done.

My own symptoms continuing to grow worse, I thought I would write to Brother Best, at Washington, to come over and anoint us both with oil, in the name of the Lord, and so comply with the requirement in James v. 14.

I was suffering to such extent on that Tuesday afternoon, that the least attempt to move brought on such a paroxysm of asthma as to almost suffocate me. That night I could not get upstairs, but slept, or rather dozed, in a large rocking-chair, for it was impossible to sleep. However, the Lord was going to give me a foretaste of what He intended to do. A free expectoration set in and continued the whole night, so that by breakfast

time my lungs were so thoroughly cleared out that I was enabled to run and jump upstairs three steps at a leap, and I felt as well as if I had never had asthma a moment in my life.

Brother Best responded promptly by telegram that he would come, and a few hours later he arrived. But *I* (the supposed sick man whom he expected to see) was leaping as an hart, and praising God for what He had done for me. He anointed us both in the name of the Lord, and we had a glorious season of refreshing from the presence of the Holy Spirit. Wife's eyes healed as if by magic; destroyed tissues were restored and completely healed in a few days' time; and in a week's time she was able to perform her usual household duties.

*Nothing but the power of God could have accomplished such a work in so short a time.* While her eyes were healing, at one time she feared that *entropium* (a turning inwards of the eyelids, a very usual occurrence after such an injury) would ensue. I told her to dismiss her fears, for when the Lord undertook to cure a person He never made a *botch* of it. It is needless to say that there was no entropium.

As to my own case, I felt so well I began to tell it everywhere what great things the Lord had done for me. But in a little while the struggle again commenced, and was continued with some variableness, now better, then much worse, and suffering as severely as ever. It was impossible to lie in the recumbent position, and night after night I was compelled to sit in a rocking-chair, or else be propped up in bed. I could not understand why my symptoms should recur, for I had trusted the Lord fully, and expected complete immunity from former suffering. I inquired of the Lord what it meant, and was directed to the twenty-fifth verse of the first chapter of Isaiah, "And I will turn my hand upon thee, *and purely purge away thy dross and take away all thy tin.*" I concluded that the Lord intended that the trial of my faith should continue.

On another occasion, my sufferings still being prolonged, I communed with God, and told Him I feared that I would be brought to shame and confusion of face, since I had been telling it to many that God had healed me. Oh, I was terribly afraid and fearfully exercised in mind in regard to this matter. But my fears were soon quieted, for



I was immediately directed to Isaiah liv. 4-11, "*Fear not; for thou shalt not be ashamed: neither be thou confounded; for thou shalt not be put to shame,*" etc. Turn to the chapter and read down to the eleventh verse.

About the middle of November I was so bad I could not get upstairs, and had to again be propped up in a rocking-chair. I was suffering most intensely, and the sense of suffocation was so great, it seemed as if the next succeeding paroxysm would be my last. Oh, what a temptation it was at such times to resort to medicines for relief! Just within reach was a remedy which hundreds of times had given me ready relief in less than five minutes. In my agony, with my Bible on my lap, I cried, "O Lord! hast thou nothing comforting for me in this my hour of distress? Speak to me out of thy word." The book opened to Psalm xlvi. 1-3; 10-11: "*God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof, Selah.*"



\* \* \* \* "Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." Handing the Bible to my wife—who had just then come to see whether I needed anything—I told her to read that aloud, for I could not for shortness of breath. As she read, my heart overflowed with gratitude to God as I thought of His great sympathy for me under the chastening rod. Said I to her, "You don't know, my dear, how much good that does me! It is better to me than food to a hungry man!" And the dear, good woman, immediately replied—quoting the same language used by the Saviour in his temptation when He thwarted Satan—"Don't you remember, 'It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God?'" On that memorable night, whenever a paroxysm of coughing with its attendant suffocation recurred—which it did at short intervals—I just claimed that promise and cried, "A VERY PRESENT *help*, Lord!" and immediately the suffocation would be either greatly mitigated or cease altogether.

And so the trial continued. Remember that

during this time I was so reduced in strength I could scarcely walk. For weeks I at best could obtain daily but two or three hours only of broken sleep on account of my distressing cough, due to chronic bronchitis, on which the asthma depended. The slightest movement, even the motion of my jaws in masticating my food, or the attempt to swallow any liquids, created the greatest distress. In my complaints the pointings from God's words were—"Trust, *trust*, TRUST!" For instance, Psalm xxx. 1, 2: "I will extol thee, O Lord; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me. O Lord, my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me." Also Psalm xxi. 1: "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed; deliver me in thy righteousness." Also Psalm xl. 1-5: "I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God; many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord. Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and

respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.”

It seemed, however, that my sufferings were as great as ever, and I said to my wife, “It is possible that the Lord intends to slay me, sure enough.” At my consecration I promised that though He *slay* me, yet would I trust in Him; and so told wife that, “if the worst came to the worst, and the Lord wished me to die, I was willing to die; but I wanted no physicians to be sent for, for medicine I would not take!” About this time, during one of my usual evening interviews with the Lord, after the family had retired to rest, I made my wants known, and requested an answer in the usual way, viz., from His word. Immediately the Book opened at Hosea xi., and my eye rested upon the ninth verse of that chapter: “I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger. I will not return to *destroy* Ephraim;” (the *same Ephraim*, mark, which was mentioned in my preliminary interview at the beginning and to which I was directed in Jer. xxxi. 20, concerning whom it was declared—“Is Ephraim, my dear son? \* \* \* I will surely have mercy upon him saith the Lord,”) “for I am God and not man; the Holy One in the

midst of thee." I inferred from this, and rightly too, that henceforth my sufferings would be mitigated. And so it proved. There was an improvement of perhaps fifty per cent. Strength began to slowly increase, but at times I felt badly enough.

But the climax was attained on the night of December 1st. The labor of the day, in my enfeebled condition, told upon me. In the evening, the family having retired for the night, I sat in a rocking-chair being pained from head to foot. As I sat there, I felt for the first time like giving up the struggle. Said I, "Lord, I feel almost discouraged. Here I am racked with pain, and seemingly not a whit better than I was six weeks ago. Hast thou any word of comfort for me to-night? Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." The Book opened at Isaiah xli., and my eyes rested upon the tenth verse of that chapter. "*Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not DISMAYED; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will UPHOLD thee with the right hand of my righteousness.*"

The following three verses, eleventh to thirteenth, inclusive, of same chapter, read as follows:

“Behold, all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded; they shall be as nothing; and they that strive with thee shall perish. Thou shalt seek them, and shalt not find them, even them that contended with thee; they that war against thee shall be as nothing and as a thing of naught. For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, “Fear not; I will help thee.” Surely here was encouragement sufficient for the most disheartened, and it renewed my confidence in God. The night was most distressing, for my sufferings were greatly intensified from what they had been. In the morning, being entirely exhausted and scarcely able to move, I determined to do that which I had often before thought of doing: namely, to write to Mrs. Mix and request her to make me a subject of prayer. The questions which agitated me most were, are my sufferings prolonged, and am I not entirely healed because God wishes to try my faith still more? Or is the difficulty on account of unbelief on my part? On the second of December, then, I wrote to Mrs. Mix and requested her prayers, having stated my case as concisely as my feeble physical condition would permit. Her reply did not

reach me until December 17th, but it was full of encouragement, and fully appreciated. The evening of the day her letter was received was the time appointed to make me a subject of prayer. In just five days from the time I wrote to her, the Lord in a wonderful manner made good His promise to help and strengthen me. If I had been depending on my own strength in anywise, the last prop was knocked from under me, and, like Jonah, I was cast overboard. If some one had told me on the sixth of December, that I was able to make my professional rounds without the aid of my horse and buggy, I would have deemed him a madman. On the morning of the seventh of December, the day I entered upon the thirty-eighth year of my Christian life, just as we were about to kneel in family worship, my colored man-servant announced that "Kitty" (my horse) "is down and cannot get up. She seems to be paralyzed." I replied that if Kitty is going to die, *the Lord wants me to walk!* After worship, a glance at the faithful old beast assured me that she could not live many hours. She died in great agony the same day.

But mark the result of this chastening. Most

remarkable strength was immediately imparted to me, and I felt like Samson when he had his arms around the pillars of the Philistine temple at Gaza! All symptoms of asthma vanished from that time like mists before the morning sun. I made all my calls on foot, and could walk up any of the hills surrounding us, rapidly and without fatigue. On the twentieth of December I wrote to Mrs. Mix as follows:

“Since the seventh inst., I have had no asthma and am gaining strength every day; and I know that the chronic inflammation of the bronchial tubes, upon which the asthma depends, will also in due time pass away. I can now walk rapidly anywhere without a particle of wheezing. Surely ‘God is our refuge and strength,’ and I praise His name daily for His wonderful love to me so visibly manifested. Yesterday morning, having forgotten my spectacle-case, which was upstairs, I ran up the stairs so rapidly that our daughter Clara remarked to her ma, ‘Here comes Sherman’ (our eldest son whose movements are always rapid), and both were astonished when they discovered their mistake. Wife remarked, ‘Why, you are indeed renewing your youth and strength.’”



Daughter remarked also, 'I guess papa will soon be able to see well enough without glasses.' I seem to be a marvel to my friends who knew my former condition, and I know that I shall not be brought to shame, neither shall I be confounded; for I am regaining my health rapidly, and the work will not cease until it is thoroughly completed. I have taken—indeed, had already taken—the position you suggested, and I am constantly receiving from the hands of the Lord. All glory to His excellent name!"

Nor have myself and wife alone been witnesses of God's power to heal in answer to prayer. We have learned to entrust our children also to His all-powerful hands. We have realized that the prayer of faith will be honored;—has been honored in the recovery of several of our children from serious illness. Our youngest son, five years old, was taken dangerously ill with acute bronchitis in November last, and all his symptoms seemed alarming. Here, then, was a tremendous trial of our faith. Could we, after having entrusted our cases to Father's hands, likewise entrust that of our child? I very quickly determined what I would do, but I wished to ascertain the mind of each



member of the household in regard to the matter. I assembled the family at the hour of evening worship. There, said I, on the bed before us, lies our darling son, your dear little brother, whom you see, by his flushed face and rapid breathing, and high fever, has a disease which will soon burn out his life unless quickly arrested. His temperature at the time was about  $105^{\circ}$ , an alarming altitude. Beginning with our eldest son, I asked him what he thought we ought to do in the case. There could be no question in regard to its gravity. Should I put him under treatment, or should we give him into the hands of the Lord? In other words, had we better trust to man or to God? He commenced to argue the case, and thought that God had given us medicine, and expected us to use it, and thus make use of the means in our own hands. He has also declared that if we do not sow in seed-time neither could we expect to reap in harvest. But that is not a parallel case, I replied, for He has a more excellent way for His believing children. He finally concluded it was best to entrust him to the Lord. In like manner each one was interrogated, and all were unanimous for the Lord. After reading selected portions of

the word pertaining to faith-healing, we knelt in prayer, and anointed him with oil. He was *immediately healed*, for before midnight his skin became cool, his short breathing ceased, and the next morning he was practically well. The same child in the month of the preceding July was brought to the verge of the grave by the same disease, but recovered only by the most energetic treatment. That which before required over two weeks of treatment to be removed, at the fiat of Jehovah was instantly cured. Surely this is a more excellent way.

Looking at these cures with the eye of a physician, the work seems to progress in a natural way as if medicines were successfully used, but it is accomplished much more rapidly. The *Master* mind comprehends the whole cause of the difficulty, faith grasps the promise—"Ask and you shall receive,"—"Believe and it shall be done," and immediately the believer is made whole.

O, most glorious Father, whose mercy endureth forever; who forgiveth all our iniquities, who healeth all our diseases; may all who read these experiences be enabled to trust thee implicitly for full salvation from all their ailments, and by so

trusting be brought into that intimate communion with thee, and be so filled with the Holy Spirit, that mortality may be swallowed up in life. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY BUVINGER, M. D.

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SOUTH NORWALK, CONN., February 23, 1880.

MRS. MIX.

*My Dear Madame:*—I made mention in my last letter that you would hear from me again, after requesting your prayer for me when in great trouble. I am happy to say that our prayers have been answered, so much so, I feel very grateful to my Heavenly Father and you assisting me, although not entirely relieved, but so I can attend to my business, with bright prospects ahead. This day the answer came.

Praise the name of the Lord, a grateful heart.

Yours in Christian love,

C. B. D'ARTOIS.

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EAGLE HARBOR, ORLEANS Co., March 1, 1882.

My Dear Sister in Christ: My experience of healing I am very glad to give, and to have it known to all the world for the glory of God. My heart is so full of joy and praise to God, that I hardly know

how and where to begin, for the half can never be told what God has done for me. I never had been well since I could remember. I did not know what it was to be without a headache. I had falling of the uterus for years, and my back pained me nearly all the time. I have had the piles for fourteen years, and had employed skillful physicians; some had helped me a little while I was taking the medicine, but as soon as I stopped I was as bad as ever. Last October I went to my friends in Warsaw, visiting, and I caught a very bad cold which caused bronchitis, and was very bad with it until the day I was healed in answer to prayer. There was a colored lady, Mrs. Edward Mix, from Connecticut, who was sent for to come to our place, Eagle Harbor, and I heard that she prayed with the sick, and if they had faith they were healed of their diseases; so I went to see her the 10th of January, 1882. I gave up all medicine and took the Lord for my physician; we had a season of prayer together, following out the directions of James v., by the anointing and laying on of hands, and I can say, to the praise of God, I was healed; my head, praise the Lord, is well. I have no more of those dreadful headaches, the

weakness of the body is made strong; back-aches and piles and all are well; glory to God I am every whit whole. At first temptation came in form of old symptoms, and to appearances there was need of medicine; the tempter began an argument with me, saying, I would have to go back to medicine; but I went direct to God for help, for I knew I was healed, and it was nothing but the temptation; the Lord heard and answered, and removed the temptation, and I can say, to the praise of God, I am healed, I am healed, and I have great faith in fasting and prayer. O, what a glorious Saviour we have; yes, our God is mighty to save. When we give up all medicine and trust God wholly, he never will disappoint us; and I can say, praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits who forgiveth all our iniquities and healeth all our diseases. Praise his name.

From your sister in faith,

MRS. ISAAC ALBERTSON.

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### ARE THEY MIRACLES?

MRS. MIX:—I wish to add my testimony with others and thank God for what He has done for me in answer to your prayer of faith. I had been

confined to my bed three months with enlargement of the spleen, inflammation of the bowels and falling of the uterus. I had been treated by Drs. Sanford and Shepherd, but after using powerful remedies they gave me up to die. I heard of Mrs. Mix through the *Sunday Register*, of some wonderful cures through faith and prayer; my friends prevailed upon me to send for her. I had but little faith, but knew that God was able to do all things; accordingly she was sent for; she arrived about ten minutes of seven; it was my poorest day. I was so sick I could not raise my head from my pillow. I could hardly breathe; my stomach and bowels were terribly bloated. I could only lie on my back; my sufferings were great; my groans annoyed the people in the rooms below, which was a store; so much so, they would leave before finishing their trading. The inflammation was so great I could scarcely bear the slightest step across the room or a jar against my bed; my hands were like marble, and as I looked at them would think they would soon be cold in death, as this was the day the physician said I would die; at five minutes before seven o'clock she invited all to leave the room so there should be no excitement.

She asked me even in that critical hour could I pray and believe God would raise me up from that bed of death. I told her I knew God was able to do all things; my faith was small, but I would do the best I could. I then began to pray with all the faith I could exercise; she then knelt by the bedside and began to pray; it was a very simple prayer; she asked God to remove the pains and all inflammation; her prayer was as a child asking its parent for a piece of bread and butter; she anointed my bowels with oil in the name of the Lord; then placed her hand upon them, and also upon my heart, beseeching Him to make them all right; she directed my mind to the great Physician that could heal both soul and body. I began to have a little more faith, and as she drew her hand over my bloated body I felt the swelling going down. I then laid my hand on my bowels to see if it was really so, and found it to be true; she then bade me in the name of the Lord to rise up and walk; though all pain and disease was gone, yet I was very weak, but I asked God for strength, and I began to walk across the room and back to my bed; she then asked for my clothes, and by faith I was dressed; she then asked me if my faith



was sufficient to walk out into the kitchen. I told her yes; she asked God to give me strength; she opened my room door and I started, praising God every step of the way; my two sisters and their husbands were there. One sister was so overcome that she fainted, and they laid her on the lounge; my other sister began to cry for joy; my husband began to shout for joy; my two brothers began to sing "She only touched the hem of His garment," and strength was given to me to join them in singing. O, praise the Lord! what a glorious change; raised from the gates of death to life and health. I am able to do my housework, and I praise God for it. To Him be all the glory.

MRS. HERBERT HALL,  
West Haven, Conn.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Journal and Courier* :

A communication in your issue of Monday, the 17th inst., entitled "Miracles," and signed "W," in reference to some very remarkable cures lately effected by the agency of Mrs. Mix of Wolcottville, calls for a few facts which I would like to furnish. This communication is not written in the interest, nor by the desire of any party or par-



ties, but simply as a matter of pure justice, and the furtherance of the truth. Of the cases alluded to I know the fact of but one.

I became acquainted with Mrs. Herbert Hall of West Haven, as the pastor of her family, in the spring of 1878. Early in the following summer she was prostrated by illness from which she suffered, and continuously, occasionally improving only to relapse into a worse condition; during this time she received proper medical attention from Dr. Sanford and Dr. Shepherd of this place; my pastoral calls brought me into intimate acquaintanceship with her physical condition, of the reality of her sufferings, her debility, and the obstinate nature of the complete disorders under which she was laboring. I had not only the most palpable proof, but from the lips of her physician learned the same; that there was no room for deception nor motive (nor do I believe she is capable of so doing), was to me very clear. Mrs. Mix was to the family an unknown power until two or three weeks before her cure. Dr. Sanford of New Haven took charge of the case in the early part of last winter, and after a critical examination—as Dr. Shepherd informed me, thought relief possible.

A few weeks' experiment proved utterly unavailing, and the case was given into Dr. Shepherd's hands again as hopeless; the only way of relief seemed by death.

In this condition Mrs. Hall continued, gradually growing worse. On the evening when relief came, I made her a pastoral call about six o'clock in the afternoon. The day had been one of intense suffering, her paroxysms frequent, forcing from the patient pitiable expressions of severe pain; these at the time of my visit had given way to a fitful and uneasy slumber; it was evident the angel of relief was not far distant. At about eight o'clock that evening when conducting a religious service in my church, Mr. Hall, her husband, came in and surprised me and all present, by saying that Mrs. Hall was at that moment up, dressed, and sitting by the kitchen fire, a well woman, only weak. The next day I called and found her astonishingly restored, her appearance improved, her pains gone, all the old disease seemingly removed, only weakness, which was aggravated by the calling of numberless people, drawn by the rumor of the event. I have visited her since almost every day; the improvement is marked, and

of the most satisfactory character. She is now able to be at her family work all day, and gives no other indication than of a perfect cure.

Mrs. Hall is willing to tell any honest inquirer the story, which she does in the most simple and frank manner. Her physician, who has visited her since, considers her cure remarkable. I have no disposition to philosophize or propose theories; the facts are all I desire now. The illness and sudden recovery of Mrs. Herbert Hall are as well attested by me as any facts of my varied ministerial life of over thirty-five years.

A. H. MEAD,  
*Pastor Methodist E. Church,*  
West Haven.

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FORDHAM, NEW YORK, September 20.

MRS. MIX:—This is to certify that after a severe illness of seventeen months of complicated diseases, of which time I was confined to my bed. I had employed several physicians. I was told by one that I had enlargement of the liver, and the uterus was down so that it was nearly exposed to view. I had bladder difficulties, spine very weak, spleen more or less affected, bowels in a torpid

condition, inward ulcerations from which I suffered greatly. I became discouraged and thought many times it was impossible for me to ever get well. I had heard of Mrs. Mix and I sent for her; my faith was not very strong at first, but still I did believe in answers to the prayer of faith. Mrs. Mix came, and after talking awhile with me, hope was inspired, faith began to take a firmer grasp, I felt that I could say, Lord, I do believe. We then united in prayer, Mrs. Mix anointing me with oil in the name of the Lord, asking Him to give me strength to rise up and walk; strength came in answer to prayer and the laying on of hands, and to-day I praise God for the good degree of health I enjoy.

Yours in the faith,

MRS. J. D. CLUTE.

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## CAN THE BLIND RECEIVE THEIR SIGHT?

In 1868 I noticed my eye was failing me; it kept growing gradually worse. In 1872 I was advised to use eye-glasses by one of the best physicians of our city. But soon I found I was what was called color blind; printing or pencil marks seemed almost colorless. The second of

June, 1879, I saw Mrs. Mix, and after conversing awhile with her, faith began to be inspired in my heart. I began to see that nothing was impossible with God, and that all things were possible to him that believeth. We then had a season of prayer, and Mrs. Mix anointed my eyes with oil in the name of the Lord; then, laying her hands upon them in the name of the Lord, there was a change in my eyesight immediately, but it was not perfect, but has been gradually improving ever since. I can read two or three chapters in the Bible without stopping to rest my eyes and without the aid of glasses; I do not have to use them at all. I believe my sight will soon be perfect.

Yours, trusting in Jesus,

MR. B.

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MERIDEN, CONN., October 10, 1880.

DEAR SISTER MIX:—I am very happy to inform you that your prayers have been answered in my behalf, for which I thank God through our Saviour Jesus Christ; He has made me every whit whole. I have been sick for about one year, under the Doctor's care, still I was getting worse, and I was wasted to skin and bones. I was not ex-

pected to live. We heard that you had faith in prayer for the sick, and that many were cured by your prayers. So father wrote to you to pray for me; and at the time you said you would pray for me, we prayed at the same time, and from that hour I got better, and am now entirely whole. Thank God, from the time we received your letter, I stopped taking my medicine, for I had faith that Jesus would make me whole, and he did, and I praise God for it.

From your sister in Christ,

MAMIE RAY.

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A neighbor, Mrs. Croft, was taken very ill on Sabbath. I had just returned from holding a meeting at Hall Meadow, and her daughter Alice came rushing in, saying her mother was very sick, and wished me to come right over. Accordingly I went, and found the children crying because mother was so sick; she was suffering terribly from cramp in the stomach and bowels. I asked her if I should pray with her; she said yes; I asked her if she could believe; the reply was, yes. I then knelt by her bedside, asking God to relieve her immediately and give her faith to believe it;

then anointing her with oil and laying hands on her in the name of the Lord Jesus; in a moment the pain was gone and she was perfectly quiet; the next day was about her work as usual. She said, "Let others laugh about this if they please, I know by experience, and I ought to have been satisfied before, for God has healed three of my children in answer to prayer in the same way." Only a few weeks before this, her little boy Hartly was running about barefoot and stuck a nail in his foot; he caught cold in it, and came near having the lock-jaw. He became deranged, and they thought him dying. I was just retiring when they came for me. I was soon dressed and at the bedside of the little boy; he was still delirious; his cheeks were very red, and about the mouth was a clear whiteness and a quiver of the chin; his heart would stop beating, then it would beat vehemently; the leg and foot were very hot and the latter badly swollen. I laid my hand on his head, asking God to let reason take its throne. His countenance began to change; he looked up and smiled. I asked him if he was suffering much, and where; he said my head, my stomach, my leg and foot. I asked him if I should pray with him; he said yes.

Hall of West Haven, and I will now reply to the I said, do you believe God will hear and answer prayer and make you well? The reply was yes. His mother and myself knelt beside his bed, and with sure faith I asked God to heal him now, to heal him for His own glory. Then the mother followed me in prayer, and seemingly she poured out her whole soul to God in prayer; it came from the heart, it reached the heart of the Almighty, and an answer of peace and blessing came. I anointed him, and laying hands on him in the name of the Lord Jesus, the pain left his head and he began to vomit, which gave immediate relief to the stomach; he began to perspire profusely; he rested quietly through the night. The next morning he was up and dressed, and he was all about the house, and the next day was out doors to play. To God be all the glory.

WOLCOTTVILLE, CONN.

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4 ALBERT PLACE, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, TORQUAY,  
DEVONSHIRE, ENGLAND, February 9, 1880.

DEAR MRS. MIX:—I drop a few lines according to promise. I received your reply to my letter on twenty-sixth ult. May God bless you and answer



your prayers on my behalf. I am thankful to say I can take God's promises to myself and claim them as mine, and I am improving; the sickness is gradually passing off, and I am able with a little help to sit out of bed for an hour, sometimes two, every day, and my legs are getting back their strength. My lungs are very weak and painful at times, but I believe all will soon be well. I can praise the Lord for all His goodness to me, and expect great things from Him, for nothing is impossible with the Lord. He can restore soon. May He soon answer our prayers, and may I rejoice in His words of comfort: "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole."—Matt. ix. 22. Please pray on for me. I will drop a line to you again, when quite restored.

Believe me, yours in the Lord,

JOANNA TROOD CLEAR.

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#### MRS. WINANS'S CASE AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Journal and Courier*:

I was very glad to read the Rev. Mr. Mead's letter in your issue of Thursday, concerning the cure, through the agency of Mrs. Mix, of Mrs.

article of "W.," on "Miracles," in Monday's number, with reference to my wife's case. In his communication he speaks of one case where he is cognizant of the facts, and says: "The account of the lady's condition was a culpable misrepresentation." Very well; let us assume that he does know the facts in one case. He, in the other cases reported, assumes that there has been the same "misrepresentation" and "liability to error." I would refer "W." (if he believes in the Bible) to James v. 14, 15. Is the simple, earnest prayer, &c., *evidently* from the depths of an honest, upright, Christian heart, an "incantation?" Again, he asks, "After the laws of nature have been so ruthlessly trampled upon, shall we believe that the Omniscient Hand, which has placed these laws of restriction for the better protection of the *race*, can be so filled with compassion for the misery of *one*, and that misery the direct sequence of a violation of these righteous rules, that the whole order of a nature shall be revoked?"

As wonderful things have happened, and as well authenticated, I say, if he is an honest seeker after truth, let him come forward and investigate. The truth *will* come to the surface, for it "is mighty

and must prevail." He says, "We know how credulous many minds are when wrought up to a sort of high pressure by the assertions of a stronger will." Very well; if a stronger will can cure let it come, say I, and with power, and don't attempt to discourage *any one*.

My wife saw Mrs. Mix Saturday, March 1st, and to-day, March 21st, three weeks later, she continues to improve, every day is gaining in strength both of body and of mind, notwithstanding reports of a relapse, which I am happy to state have no foundation whatever. "W." says, "But, some will say—'Here are the cures, you cannot get away from the facts.' To such statements I would say emphatically that they are not what they seem to be on the surface." How much margin does "W." allow "on the surface." Is not three weeks enough to prove this cure, strength being gained each day?

Now let us see what the doctors have said: Last year, one who was treating her told me he could not offer me any encouragement to hope she would ever leave her bed; that it was a very distressing case, and one which offered very little encouragement to either physicians or patient;

that the complication of diseases was such as to offer no hope of a cure, and added that I must bear my trouble the best I could; he would do all he could for her, and I believe he did, but unsuccessfully. Two others in 1878 told me about the same in substance, and I had fully made up my mind to see my wife continue to suffer, as one doctor said, perhaps one, perhaps twenty-five years, and that there was no likelihood of her being up from her bed in that time but very little.

Since the visit of Mrs. Mix, March 1st, my wife has been up, dressed, and taken breakfast with me at seven o'clock every morning. March 7th she walked three hours in the house without injury. March 16th (Sunday) she dressed for the street, and walked out during church hours. She is constantly up around our rooms, waits upon herself for anything needed, has trimmed and watered her plants, and done some sewing and reading. Her brain is clear, and she remembers what she reads. She lies down three or four hours daily, but is gaining strength and has less pain than at any time in eleven years. She has seen a number of her old friends, and hopes to soon see more and return their calls. Calls at the house have been

very numerous (one day, nineteen), and as she is not yet very strong, we have not thought it best she should see so many strangers. Notwithstanding all these *facts*, "W." seems to think himself called upon to caution the public against "paying any attention to the cry of these miracle performers and their votaries which are constantly appearing before us." If what I have heard is true, and all the severely sick ones *should* be cured through Mrs. Mix's agency, I for one am afraid "W.," like Othello, would find his occupation gone, and be obliged to take the late Horace Greeley's advice to young men and "Go West."

D. C. WINANS.

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### CURE OF MR. PHILLIPS.

NEW HAVEN, July 23.

Liver complaint, dyspepsia, and tape worm; his food distressed him very much every time he ate. He was in continual pain, languid and feeble, and very weak. I asked him if he believed God could heal him. He said he believed God was *able* to do all things, and believed God *would* do it now if he only had faith. I then asked him to pray for himself, which he did most fervently. I then followed.

I felt the power of the spirit of God. I arose and laid my hands on his head in the name of the Lord. He felt the power of God which made him tremble all over; he said, don't you think I am very nervous? I replied no. Soon another thrill went through his entire being. Again he asked the same question; I said no; it is the power of God. He said it was something he never felt before; every ache and pain was gone, and he felt light as a feather. He went to his work like a new man, and has been well ever since.

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HOUTZDALE, CLEARFIELD, CO. PA.,  
January 24, 1880.

MRS. EDWARD MIX:—Your letter came to hand a week ago, I prayed according to the directions, and glory be to our Heavenly Father, I am better. I can walk at present without pain; I am improving fast, thanks be to God for my recovery. I shall soon be able to go to work for myself. The doctors gave me up the very day that I received your letter. Thank God that all things are possible to him that believeth.

Yours truly in the faith,  
JOHN L. JONES.

NORTH GOSHEN, August 23.

Mr. John Baily's daughter had St. Vitus's dance for two years; had been under the care of Dr. Steele of Winsted, but all to no effect. The father, although not a Christian, was willing to pray for the recovery of the child. The mother, daughter, and myself joined with him, and the Lord heard and answered prayer. They came again to see me the next Friday, and the child was well, and enjoying good health. Praise the Lord.

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TORRINGTON HOLLOW.

A German woman had been sick five weeks with bilious fever; could n't help herself in the least. I was sent for to come and see her. I asked her if she could pray. She said yes, in her own language. I told her God knew her heart, and what she said, if I did not, she seemed so earnest in her prayer. I then prayed with her, following out the command in James, 5th chapter, 14th and 15th verses. She said, I feel so much stronger, and could be dressed. I called her daughter to get the clothes, and she was dressed, and walked out into the kitchen. She continued to grow stronger every day, and was soon able to be about her household duties.

No. 197 WEST MAIN STREET,  
WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

I wish to add my testimony to the many that have been healed through Mrs. Mix.

I had been sick, confined to my bed eleven weeks, with nervous prostration, female weakness, and weak stomach; the latter being too weak to retain but very little food, such as a graham cracker and the like. I was not able to sit up only to have my bed made. I had been treated by several physicians, but without any permanent benefit. My bowels were so constipated they would not move without an enema. There were no signs of regaining my former health, and on hearing of Mrs. Mix I sent for her. She came the evening of the 9th of May.

We had a precious season of prayer; she then anointed me with oil in the name of the Lord, and laid her hands on me, and asked the Lord to baptize me with the Holy Ghost, and it came. I felt it a gentle healing at the crown of my head, and it went through my entire body to the ends of my toes. All soreness was removed and strength was given. I was able to get up and walk with perfect ease, had a good night's rest, and the next



morning was up and dressed, ate a good hearty breakfast of ham, eggs, potatoes, and coffee, and to cap the climax, rode about five miles that day, came back feeling some tired, but soon gained strength, and have been able to do any amount of work, and I feel to give God the glory for it all.

MRS. E. W. LYNDE.

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NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

One week and one day after Thanksgiving I was taken with severe pain in the left side of my bowels. I sent for a physician, he called it an abscess, but did not relieve me. I then sent for another; he called it a rupture. I sought four different physicians, Drs. Lawrence, Beard, Mack, and Bushnell. It continued eleven weeks, and I suffered excruciating pain.

On hearing that Mrs. Mix was coming to North Adams, I sent for her to come and see me, which she did. She prayed with me and anointed me with oil in the name of the Lord. I began to improve immediately, the abscess broke, and discharged a perfect stream, and in less than three weeks I was able to be about my work.

I shall ever be thankful that I saw Mrs. Mix,

and, let others think as they may, I shall always believe the Lord healed me, in answer to prayer.

Truly your friend,

MR. BOCOCK.

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WEST MERIDEN, CONN., July 6th, 1880.

In accordance with your request to give you an account of the sickness of our adopted-daughter Ernestine, familiarly known as Ernie, I send you the following, which I trust will impart faith to the hearts of other sick and suffering ones, and strengthen those who are weak in the faith of that power which God has given you, that of healing the sick.

Ernie had been subject to chills and fever more or less frequent during the two years prior to her long sickness, and had used when necessary the usual prescribed remedies for such a disease, but during the winter and spring had been entirely free from them, and was in excellent health for her, she being naturally of a delicate constitution.

May 9th, 1867, she was attacked with two chills, which threw her into a violent fever, affecting the brain and spine, and for ten days she lay in a very critical condition. Her sufferings were intense,

and her screams of "my back, my back, my head, my head," terrible to hear. The physician gave her strict attention, and in a month's time she was able to sit up in a chair, and be drawn about her room. Soon she was attacked with a convulsion, in which she remained four hours, requiring the efforts of four persons to keep her upon her bed. A counsel of physicians was then called, who pronounced it a disease of the spine, but thought her in no immediate danger.

She was very sick for a week or so, then began to gain, and was able the latter part of June to walk a little about her room. July 4th she attempted to walk from the window by which she was sitting, to the table on which her medicine was placed, only a few steps, but her strength suddenly left her, and she would have fallen had I not sprang to her assistance. She immediately took to her bed, and in the evening was attacked with convulsions, in which she remained all night, and from that time could not bear her weight. The pain in her back had not ceased at all from the day she was taken sick, and when in those terrible spasms, it was seemingly more than one could endure and live. Powerful opiates were

administered, but they produced such distress and retching of the stomach that we were obliged to discontinue their use and inject morphine into the arm or spine, which was so terribly sore and sensitive to the touch that it was a most severe trial to endure the applications of ointments, etc., but she exercised great patience and fortitude, feeling that it was God's will that she should suffer.

The evening of August 11th, she was seized with another convulsion, which lasted twenty-four hours, at which time she came out of it very much exhausted, and gradually failed during the remainder of the month.

In September she grew very much worse, and we considered her at death's door; she was too weak to raise even a finger or make a motion of the head; I could not catch her faint whisperings, except as I placed my ear to her mouth; her mind wandered; she recognized no one, and at three different times we called her dead, for not a pulsation was apparent, and we thought the breath had indeed left the body. She rallied, however, from these sinking spells, and the physician pronounced her through the crisis, and expressed strong encouragement that she would soon recover.

The time passed heavily on, and she was not affected by the medicine as we expected her to be, and it seemed best to us to make a change of physicians, feeling that should she be taken from us by death, we had not done our whole duty till we had used other means for her restoration. Accordingly the change occurred about October 1st. During the night she appeared very differently, and before morning dawned we felt her mind was fast losing itself, and when the other doctor arrived it was only by his strong will and voice that he brought her momentarily to reason. For one week she sung constantly from morning till night, snatches of songs both sacred and sentimental, in a strange commingling, and we could not seem to divert her mind from it at all. The next week she cried most distressingly; afterwards her ravings were very violent, which continued for the space of three months, not exhibiting any reason whatever. Those months of agony and suspense I cannot describe. None but those who have witnessed such conditions can have an adequate idea of her sufferings, or realize into what a terribly nervous state she was brought.

I need not to say that our joy was great upon

the returning rays of reason, and though they came slowly, yet gradually, we could see that the change of treatment had indeed been for good. It was then January, 1868, and as soon as she had gained strength sufficient, electricity was used with a very soothing and quieting effect, giving much relief of pain, and producing easy and natural sleep, so refreshing to the worn-out body.

During the month of May the gaining of strength was quite perceptible, and in July she was able to be bolstered up with pillows for a few moments at a time, and we could not but feel that she was on the sure road of recovery. August 10th we experienced a terrible shock in the sudden death of my husband, and for a time it overcame her completely, but God was present with His sustaining grace, and blessed the means used, imparting needed strength, and she continued to gain.

The first week in September I lifted her from the bed, and placing her in a chair, she sat two and a half minutes, and every day when able, she sat up, till the time was increased to a couple of hours.

Up to this time a little more than a year had elapsed since she had been from off her bed, even

to have it made. In March, 1879, she commenced to use crutches, with my assistance, and we hoped she would be enabled to lay one aside entirely, and finally the other. But she did not gain any feeling in her feet, through using them, as we expected; the ankle joints were stiff, and the weakness of the whole body was such that even for an instant she could not stand unsupported. After many repeated attempts I felt it not best to hasten the matter, and endeavored to wait with patience for time and exercise to accomplish the desired change. She was only using a small quantity of medicine, yet was obliged to take it daily, and during the summer months had experienced the happiness of intervals of cessation of pain for an hour or more at a time.

The last week in September she was carried to a near neighbor's, which was very fatiguing, and for several days her pains were much increased. While at this friend's, an acquaintance called upon me, expressing a wish that I would call Mrs. Mix to her, but I gave her no encouragement, not even to inquire where she was staying in the city. I had no particular knowledge of *her* cures, but I had never felt faith in any wonderful cures of which



I had read, through whatever agency performed. While busy with my work after the lady left, I was impressed with a sense of wrong-doing in neglecting the opportunity then presented. If others had been restored to health, there was a possible chance for her, and I prayed for faith to be given that she might receive that great boon, health. I sought Mrs. Mix and listened to her wonderful statements, and I was convinced that it was God's power that wrought them, and I earnestly desired her to visit Ernie.

Before reaching my home that evening the faith for which I had asked was granted me, and I retired to my rest joyful in the feeling that on the next afternoon she was to be healed entirely. I sent word to her that I was coming up with Mrs. Mix in the afternoon, and that she must have faith, believing that God would answer the prayers offered in her behalf. We found her upon the lounge where she had lain all day, but Mrs. Mix left her, in half an hour, walking about the rooms and up and down stairs.

This occurred October 7th, 1879, and up to this time she has not seen the crutches, as I had them returned to the owner that evening. Her pains



entirely left her, feeling and sense was restored to her limbs, strength granted, which has increased during the nine months, and at this writing she performs most of the ordinary household duties for my family consisting of six, during my daily absence from home, dress-making. Of course the heavier part, such as washing and ironing, she does not do. She is perfectly well, though not as strong as one who is possessed of a different nature.

Very truly yours,

MRS. F. G. OTIS.

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## FAITH MAKING WHOLE.

*From New Haven Journal and Courier:*

### ANOTHER INSTANCE OF MRS. MIX'S WONDERFUL INSTRUMENTALITY.

Another of Mrs. Mix's wonderful cures is that of Mrs. D. C. Winans, living on the corner of Davenport and Howard avenues in this city. Mr. Winans makes the following statement, giving the particulars of the cure: Nine years ago, at confinement, my wife was confined six months to her bed, and most of the time not able to move from one side of the bed to the other; since then has

been up most of the time until January, 1878, and during which period she has not been able to sit over three quarters of an hour and seldom over five or ten minutes at a time, and then often at the expense of from one to seven nights' sleep. She was, however, gaining slowly until the fall of '77, when she began growing worse and was taken down to the bed in January, 1878. After that she was confined to the bed, and words utterly fail to express her suffering for the past year. Those who have had friends suffering from "nervous excitement and nervous exhaustion" can form some idea of it. During all the years' suffering the physical pains have been slight, compared with her nervous pains for any one week the past year. Mrs. Leek of 750 State street first called my attention to the published statement of the wonderful cures performed through Mrs. Mix of Wolcottville, and urged me strongly to try her. Others advised me the same, Mr. Bartram's customer included. So I did, and I believe I have reason to thank God to-day that I did so.

Mrs. Mix answered my summons Saturday, March 1, arrived at the house about 11 A. M., corner of Davenport and Howard avenues. When

I arrived home to dinner I found my wife was up and had dressed herself with Mrs. Mix's assistance. She had been sitting up for some time, was not and has not since been laboring under any excitement in consequence of the treatment, on the contrary, feels better than she has in a year and a half, and is getting perceptibly stronger every day, and is better than before in ten years. My wife and I with Mrs. Mix, ate dinner that day together, she sitting up until nearly three o'clock P. M., when she lay down somewhat weak and tired. She has been up and dressed herself every day since then, taking breakfast with me every morning at seven o'clock, and has not missed eating a meal with me for a week. Although getting strength she does not see any friends. The other day when I came home to dinner, I found that she had been walking, and had walked steadily for over three hours, and at ten o'clock when I bade her good night, she said she was doing nicely only a trifle lame from her long walk. But her faith is strong. She says the Lord is the best physician. She prays almost constantly, and it seems to her as if He was right by her, strengthening and comforting her. If this published statement of

her case may be the means of relieving and curing one suffering invalid, we shall be well repaid for all of our trouble.

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NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 2, 1881.

MRS. MIX.

*Dear Sister*.:—There is a young lady of 15 summers who came to my church, and she felt impressed to come forward and seek a Saviour's dying love. She did, and all at once the use of her tongue and her limbs were gone. She said before she left home she desired to see and feel as others did who came to the light; she was taken home and has never spoken or moved a limb in eighteen or nineteen weeks. The father and mother are members of the church, they have done all they can for the child, and so have the neighbors; a Spiritualist physician from Baltimore has been consulted, medicines were sent, directions were followed, but to no purpose, all have failed in their attempts. She has lain unconscious and with her eyes closed ever since, and I now come to you, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, to take her case in hand; will you please set a time, the day and hour when you will pray for her, and let us know, that

we may unite with you; the name of the girl is Miss Susan Haden. REV. MR. LAWS.

I replied to the letter and set the time when I would pray for her, and wished them to unite with me at the same hour; they received my letter August 7th, and quickly replied they would meet me at the throne of grace at that hour, Wednesday the 10th at 2:30; the hour arrived, prayer was offered; August the 15th I received the following letter:

DEAR SISTER MIX:—God's name is to be praised for what we have seen; the young lady can open her eyes and laugh, which is the first sign of intelligence she has given, but she is not able to talk or to use her limbs, but the parents are very much encouraged at what they have seen; please set another time when you will pray for her perfect recovery, but we thank God for this; remember she has done more than at any time since her sickness. REV. J. LAWS.

United prayer was again offered for her, and the reply came back:

MRS. MIX:—I am more than glad to inform you that the young lady has been wonderfully restored, both soul and body. We met ac-

according to your appointment, we read the Scriptures and sung and prayed, then I left the room, and my wife performed the anointing with oil in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, amen, commanding her to rise up by faith and walk, and she did, and as she began to walk, the power of God flowed into her soul, and she cried and praised God in the highest. The house has been filled with astonished souls, saying, "We did not know that God did such things, now we do." Praise the Lord for his wonderful works to the children of men.

REV. W. J. LAWS,  
New Bedford, Mass.

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WOLCOTTVILLE, CONN.

I was sick with inflammatory rheumatism, from the middle of September until about the 10th of October, 1879. I was then a backslider, and cared not for the things of God, but I had tried all kinds of medicine I could get, and employed a good physician, yet all to no effect. Although I believed in faith cures, yet I did not want to send for Mrs. Mix, but I was suffering so intensely, as a last resort, I sent for her; about eleven o'clock at night she came and prayed with me, and I prayed for myself

confessing my sins and promising God I would forsake them, and asking him to forgive me and heal me, and, thanks be to God, in less than half an hour I could walk all about the room, and I rested well the rest of the night, and am to-day, March 5, 1881, well and free from rheumatism, and serving the Lord.

CHARLES G. HART.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN., 405 COLUMBUS AVENUE.

I wish to testify of the goodness of God to me in answer to the prayer of faith offered by Mrs. Mix. I had been troubled with dreadful headaches from childhood, and as I grew older they became more severe and more frequent; they would last me three and four days. I was having a very severe attack previous to the evening that I sent for Mrs. Mix; I had employed a skillful physician, but to no purpose, medicines and remedies failed, and at last, through the advice of my physician and other friends, I sent for Mrs. Mix. She came; my faith was strong in God that I should be delivered; the physician had been to see me that day, but I could not keep one drop of medicine nor a particle of food on my stomach. Mrs. Mix and myself had a blessed season of prayer together, and the spirit



of the Lord was present to heal; truly it was in our midst, and as she anointed me with oil and laid her hand on me in the name of the Lord Jesus, all pain left me, and I felt like an entire new body, and in less than five minutes I ate heartily of cracker and milk without the least disturbance, which was a thing impossible for me to do before; and as the neighbors came in next morning to see, for they could not believe the report that I was sitting up, it seemed to them like one raised from the dead. My physician came in next morning. He turned to my daughter and said, "I am sorry I could not have come in sooner, but I have been detained away so long I suppose she has been suffering terribly. I suppose I shall find your mother in here?" pointing to my bed-room. I then said, "No, you will not find me there but here eating my dinner." He turned to me with surprise and asked if my head ached now. I replied no; he asked where I was in pain. I said nowhere; he replied it was a wonder for me. I told him I had sent for Mrs. Mix as he wished me to do. He was very glad, for he said medicine was doing me no good, and such cases he liked to see the Lord take in hand; and, thank God, I have had but



two spells since, and it is more than two years, and those two were brought on by overtaxing my body and mind both. Oh what a blessing I received spiritually! my soul has been filled unutterably full of glory and of God, and I still desire to trust Him.

Yours in faith,

MRS. SUSAN B. TALMAGE.

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On August the 30th, 1881, I received a letter from Miss C. M. Dean, stating that she had a friend, a young lady, who had not walked for the space of three years, and that she was afflicted with what was pronounced spinal disease by the physician, and assuring me of the fact that the young lady was a Christian, but her faith was not sufficient to believe that by simple faith in the Great Physician, she could be cured without medicine, and that the name of the lady was Miss Mamie Leo, the daughter of Professor Leo of the high school, and that Mamie's sister Jennie, with the Mrs. Rev. J. A. Kummer, and Miss Carrie Judd of Buffalo and herself with other friends, would unite in prayer for Mamie on Saturday, September 10th, from 2 to 3 P. M., and wished me to unite with them at that hour. As soon as I re-

ceived the letter I began to pray that faith might be given her, and that victory over disease might be hers, and on the 8th I received a card of September 7th, that the Lord had been pleased to answer the desire of their hearts even before they had expected it, and that Miss Leo, on Saturday, the 3rd, at nine and a half A. M., arose from her bed and walked without help from any earthly power, and on the Sabbath walked a square to Sunday-school and church; and afterwards I saw a scrap from a newspaper, saying that when the lady walked in church alone, there was such an excitement in the church that several ladies fainted; but whether that be correct or not, one thing we know, whereas she was sick now she is healed, and to God be all the glory for His wonderful works to the children of men.

EIRE, PA.

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112 EAST 126TH ST., N. Y. CITY.

In the month of January my daughter, 15 years of age, was taken sick with chorea,—the doctors said, in its most exaggerated form; it attacked every portion of the body, keeping her in continual motion when awake; some of the time the opening

and shutting of her eyes was the only medium in which she could make known her sufferings.

The most powerful opiate known to the faculty would not keep her asleep more than an hour, and then the shutting of a door or a foot-fall would awaken her. The doctor told us we could look for her death at any moment as the disease had attacked her spine and heart.

When first taken sick she asked me to write to Mrs. Mix and others, saying that she should never get well unless God cured her. Mrs. Mix arrived on Thursday at half past eleven; she prayed with her, anointing her in the name of the Lord. Before dinner she was in a moist sweat, sleeping as naturally as ever; in the afternoon she talked quite well; that night she slept soundly, only waking once. On Saturday morning she asked to be dressed. Mrs. Mix told her she must now consider herself healed. Since that time she has not taken any medicine; she is now perfectly well. The doctor said he could not understand it, but looks upon her case as a miracle.

MRS. CARRIE WILSON.

ELIZABETH ST., NORWICH, CONN.,  
Oct. 11, 1881.

This is to certify that through the instrumentality of Mrs. Edward Mix and her wonderful faith in God, her prayers, and the laying on of hands and anointing with oil in the name of the Lord, have restored to me my voice, which had left me, and has benefited me in every way. I wish to give the Lord all the glory for His wonderful power, and claim this entirely as a faith cure.

MRS. ROYAL CROSS.

P. S. When my son came in, he said "Thank God, I hear my mother's voice once more."

COMPOSED BY MRS. EDWARD MIX.

Thank God, I hear my mother's voice once more,  
That gentle voice, I heard in days of yore ;  
To God be all the glory, to Him the praise,  
Through ceaseless ages of eternal days.

Thank God, I hear my mother's voice once more,  
Let all the earth praise God, and Him adore ;  
Through faith in the dear Saviour's precious name,  
The promises of God by faith she claimed.

Thank God, I hear my mother's voice once more,  
Let me proclaim this truth from shore to shore,

Let all that is within me bless His holy name,  
And spread abroad the risen Saviour's fame.

The promises of God are true and sure,  
From everlasting to the end endure ;  
Ask, and ye shall receive, God's word declares,  
Asking is yours, the blessing God prepares.

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PITTSFIELD, January 15, 1880.

I had been sick several weeks, attended with nausea and vomiting. For six weeks I could not keep anything on my stomach, not even medicine. I was very weak, I could not move in bed without assistance. My physician used every available means to restore me, but I failed rapidly and felt that my days were few. Hearing of Mrs. Mix's great cure through faith in prayer, my friends sent for her. Mrs. Mix was not with me more than ten minutes when she assisted me in dressing. I walked out into the sitting-room, had food prepared for me; could eat without nausea. I have not been troubled with my stomach since.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. S. A. CARPENTER.

NORRISTOWN, PA., May 31, 1881.

DEAR SISTER:—It gives us great pleasure to say that our dear little Harry seems much better since the days which you appointed to pray for him.

Added strength and vigor seemed given at the very time. This certainly was no case of mental influence over a patient's mind, for he is only a little over four years old. The work is of the Lord. To Him be all the glory! Yours, with faith in the great Physician.

REV. N. B. RANDALL.

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ELYRIA, August 3, 1880.

MR. MIX, CHRISTIAN FRIEND:—I received your letter more than a week ago, but sickness in my family prevented my answering at an earlier date.

I feel quite willing to add my testimony to hundreds of others who have been benefited by visiting your wife, and laying hold of God's promises through her faith and prayers. In September of 1877 I took a cold which fastened itself so firmly upon my lungs as to render it impossible to throw it off. In October of 1878 I sought another and more friendly clime, and seemed somewhat

benefited by the change, but the cause was not removed. I returned in April of 1879, and very soon began to decline rapidly. My cough was terrible, my strength and flesh vanished rapidly; I suffered loss of appetite and was oppressed for breath. I again left home and received temporary relief from some of my troubles, under skillful medical treatment. I remained, however, very feeble, with the prospect of decline with the autumn and winter changes. I was induced by friends to call on Mrs. Mix. I saw her in November, 1879; she prayed with me and for me, and inspired me with faith to lay hold of God's promises, discarding every medicine and any trust in an arm of flesh. I felt a marked improvement from this visit; I could breathe freely; the soreness from my chest and lungs was removed; I could turn over in bed without pain, and all pleuritic symptoms disappeared. My throat, which was ulcerated at the time, did not show as sudden improvement. I called on her again for that, and it healed as soon as in the nature of things it could. During the first month after seeing her, I gained eight pounds of flesh, and in two months returned home, weak of course, but comparatively well. I

find just as long as I hold strong in faith, relying on the Great Physician, I get along splendidly. I feel that I have to return many thanks to Mrs. Mix, under God, for my restored health, my increased faith and love to my Heavenly Father. Excuse bad writing for I am quite worn with caring for the sick. With much regard to your wife and yourself, I am most sincerely your friend and well-wisher.

S. S. T. JOHNSON.

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### THE POWER OF PRAYER.

The following, regarding the work of Mrs. Mix at Utica, N. Y., is from the Utica Observer:

“Last week it was announced that Mrs. Mix, a colored lady from Wolcottville, Conn., was in Utica. In this connection it was stated that Mrs. Mix came here to treat several invalids, her healing agency being prayer. She came well recommended, and stopped at the residence of Mr. Benjamin Hall, No. 69 Mary street. Some time ago when Mrs. Hall was an invalid, she heard of some remarkable cures wrought through prayer by Mrs. Mix in Connecticut. She wrote, asking Mrs. Mix to come to Utica, but was informed that this for



some time would be impossible, owing to the engagements which Mrs. Mix had in the State in which she lives. Mrs. Hall, who was a great sufferer, concluded to make the journey to Connecticut in order to secure treatment from the colored lady of whom she had heard so much. She accordingly journeyed to Connecticut, meeting Mrs. Mix at New Milford, and remaining under her treatment for a short time. She received immediate benefit and is to-day a healthy woman. The lady resides at No. 69 Mary street, and she readily testifies to the efficacy of the cure performed for her by the Connecticut colored lady."

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NORTH ADAMS, Mass., July 26, 1880.

I have had a nervous disease for several years, which affected me about swallowing any solid food or taking cold drinks. I have had everything done for me that medicines could do; they all failed. In February, 1879, I was taken worse; my throat seemed nearly closed with a mucus, which caused me to spit all the time while eating, and finally I could not take bread in any form. July 17th I was prostrated; I just lived on liquids until September, when I was under the care of a

magnetic doctor; I remained under his treatment for four weeks, and in that time got so I could take thin flour gruel, and tried to take bread, but could not; I could walk a little and ride, but could not wait upon myself. I was thinking I must see the magnetic doctor again, when we heard of a woman living in Wolcottville, Conn., who cured by faith and prayer. I sent for her to come and see me; she came Nov. 27. I had faith she could help me; she prayed with me and anointed me with oil in the name of the Lord; then I drank cold water, and ate bread soaked in water, all in the name of the Lord, and have done so every day since, and I am now able to wait upon myself. She visited me again in May, and I went home with her and stayed two weeks and four days. While there I got so that I wore my teeth, which I had been unable to do for several years, and ceased to spit while eating. I had not been to church in over four years. I now attend every Sabbath when it is pleasant.

MRS. JOHN N. CHASE.

WEST MERIDEN, CONN., September 18, 1880.

DEAR BROTHER MIX:—Your letter came some time ago. I have not answered it because I did not know just what to write. It is well known by all who were acquainted with the exact condition of my wife before sister Mix came and prayed with her, that she could not have lived longer than a few weeks. She could not walk a step, or even get up or down from the bed without assistance. After sister Mix prayed over her, anointing her with oil in the name of the Lord, she arose from the bed, commenced to walk, and has walked more or less every day since. At the time you were here with sister Mix and prayed for her, and laid hands on the large scrofulous swelling, there was not the least indication that it was gathering to break. There was not the slightest token of impending suppuration. The flesh of the tumor looked precisely as it had for six months. It broke the very night following the day you prayed, and discharged copiously. It has discharged freely at three different times, and her system is thereby being cleansed. She is not yet wholly recovered, but is constantly and surely gaining, and we believe that in answer to the

prayer of faith she will be raised up, that she will recover her health. She has taken no medicine since sister Mix prayed with her, and is trusting our loving Heavenly Father to bring her back to permanent health.

I have thus made a statement of her case just as it is at the present time.

Very truly yours in Christ,

S. W. BISHOP.

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I am ready to testify to the goodness of God in restoring me to health after a long and severe illness. My health entirely failed in the winter of 1877-78, and for a number of months was very feeble; at times I was confined to my bed. For eight weeks before Mrs. Mix was called to see me I could not leave my bed, I was unable to sit up and could only be moved in the most careful manner possible. I had been treated by a skillful physician, who had succeeded in alleviating my sufferings, that at times were intense. Both myself and friends had hoped for a cure, but found after any extra exertion a return of those alarming symptoms which were sure to herald such extreme suffering. A friend urged me to see Mrs.

Mix. At first I had no faith; then I began to think of those promises in the word of God, such as "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up," and "All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing ye shall receive." These promises with many others, were they not for me if I would but have faith to lay hold of them? Mrs. Mix came, she talked with me upon faith, repeating the promises of God; then she prayed most fervently, prayed that those promises might be verified to me then; that I might be given health and strength. She then laid her hands upon me in the name of the Lord. I was at the time suffering severe pain; in less than an hour I was free from all pain and given strength to get up alone and get my clothes and dress myself, and walk about the house. It has now been two years, and I am well, and have been all the time able to work and enjoy myself. I have taken no medicine or any remedies of any kind.

With a firm trust in the power and willingness of the Lord to heal all our diseases,

MRS. APPLY.

ANOTHER TESTIMONY FOR MR. AND  
MRS. MIX.

One year ago, on the 9th of June, 1879, I was prostrated upon a bed of sickness. I was at that time under the treatment of a doctor who had been recommended to me by some friends; after taking some of his medicine I grew worse, and I rapidly grew worse the more he tried to relieve me; my mother being satisfied that such was the case, called our family doctor, one of the leading doctors of the city, who after a very careful examination pronounced me in a very critical condition, owing to the nature of the medicine I had taken, it being too strong for me; he then took my case in hand, but I became so weak and helpless I could not raise my hand to my head; I could not partake of one particle of the lightest food; all that I subsisted upon was a teaspoonful of French brandy every half hour with ice, but as I continued to grow weak, the brandy was reduced to three drops at a time, and that was too much for me. The doctor came twice a day and said I must continue the brandy, as that was all he could do for me, but my attendant feared to give it to me, fearing I would die immediately, as it made me death-

ly sick every drop I took. On Sunday, the 22d, the doctor came and felt my pulse; he called my mother out of the room and said to her: "Mrs. Cornell, your daughter was very low yesterday, and is but very little better now, but you must continue to give her the medicine; if she cannot take six drops then give her three." He said he would call early in the morning, or if I got worse to send for him. I was unconscious the most of the time. I felt I was past all earthly help; during the night my mother and a friend watched by my bedside, watching every pulsation as I sank away; several times they thought I would never breathe again; then after a while they could perceive that life was not extinct. On Saturday, the 21st, by the advice of a neighbor and my sister, my mother dispatched for Mr. Mix, of Wolcottville, asking him to come immediately and see me, and offer the prayer of faith in my behalf, as it was clearly to be seen that I had but a short time to live, unless God's miraculous power was made manifest in my behalf. On Monday morning the doctor came about 10 o'clock; he said I was no better, and shook his head despairingly, still ordered the medicine to be continued, al-



though he was told the bad effect it had on me, he said it was the best prescription he could give me at that time. I laid as one dead, my limbs were cold, and my breathing rendered difficult, my countenance was changed, and a death-like pallor had settled o'er my features. My mother was afraid to leave me even to partake of any food herself, fearing I should pass away, and she not see me. At noon she went into the kitchen to get some dinner, but before she could eat any she was called to come to me again, and what a change she saw in me; death was depicted in every line of my countenance; she said to herself, my child is dying, but she would not allow herself to be excited, as she wished to be with me at the very last moment. At that moment the door-bell rang, and my sister, on going to the door, announced Mr. Mix had come. After resting a few moments he asked mother if she were a Christian. She replied in the affirmative; he asked her if she believed in the promises that Jesus made to His disciples when He was on the earth, and he repeated a number of the promises, and she replied she did believe; he then asked if I were a Christian, and the answer was yes. He told mother it was noth-



ing he could do to restore her daughter, but what good was done must be accomplished through Jesus, and according to her faith so would her daughter be blessed. Mother came into the room with him, and as he entered what a sight met his gaze. There I lay with my eyes set in their sockets, the death film almost covering the sight. He laid his left hand on my heart and his right hand on my eyes, and told my mother to pray. She fell upon her knees and poured out her soul in prayer to God for the preservation of her child, and a speedy restoration of my health and strength again, with all the faith she could command, and she says she never knew what faith in God was until that day; and when mother had ceased praying I remained motionless as ever. Mr. Mix talked to God the same as a child would to a tender parent. He told God of the promises He had made to His children, and quoted many passages of scripture, and such an appeal to the throne of grace is seldom heard. Oh, the simplicity of the prayer, so humble, so sincere! The very place seemed holy. And when they had finished prayer they arose from their knees, and mother, wiping the tears from her eyes, looked at me, and my

face was natural as ever, my eyes were bright, and I looked at mother and smiled. Mother could hardly believe it to be true, although she was trying to have faith. Mother spoke to me and asked me how I felt; I told her a great deal better; this was the first of my knowing that Mr. Mix had come, but mother has since told me about it. I could speak louder and stronger than I had for a long time. We then returned thanks to God for His answering the petitions; I then for the first time since my prostration arose up in bed and asked for a fan to fan myself with. All this was accomplished in less than two hours. Mother said she was not prepared to see such a great change, and was a little fearful that it was too good to last; still she tried hard to have faith and not doubt. She thought when the doctor came if he pronounced me better she would be satisfied. I began to be hungry and asked for food; they were compelled to be very careful what they gave me as I had not eaten in so long a time. So they gave me light food, and I rested well all night and awoke in the morning feeling much refreshed, and was thankful to God that I had so far recovered. Mr. Mix came in in the morning and prayed with me

again, and then returned home. Our family doctor soon came, and from the expression of his countenance he expected to see a corpse. He entered the room softly and looked at me, he raised his hands with astonishment, took my hand, felt my pulse. "Why, Miss Cornell," said he, "your pulse is as strong as mine, you are well, you do not need my care any longer. I will give you a prescription for some iron," and left, saying if he was needed to send for him. But the iron was not bought, neither has the doctor been called since, for I have enjoyed better health since my recovery by prayer than ever before. On the fourth day Mrs. Mix came and anointed me, and prayed God to remove every vestige of disease; and from that treatment all the lingering pains were removed, and from that time I have not taken one cent's worth of medicine of any kind. I only pray and trust, and I wish to add a word to the afflicted, that all things are possible to him that believeth.

VIDELLA V. CORNELL,  
39 Sperry Street,  
New Haven, Conn.

HINSDALE, MASS., March 25, 1880.

I wish to give testimony to my long illness, and of my wonderful cure. I was taken sick the last of February, 1875, but was able to be around the house until the first week of March. The 6th the doctor was called, I got no better; two days after he came to see me I was unable to sit up any; on account of the pain in my back. After I had been sick three weeks the doctor wanted counsel, one of the best doctors in Pittsfield was sent for; he came, the disease was pronounced inflammation of the kidneys. I had used blisters, which gave me some relief; all kinds of medicine were tried. I soon got so I could keep nothing on my stomach, and would have spells of vomiting every few moments. For days all I could take was ice; my head pained me fearfully, was obliged to keep a bag of ice on it day and night; leeches were tried on my head, and they gave some little relief, but I continued to grow worse until May, when they thought I could live but a few days. Doctors from other towns were called, they all said my physician was doing all that could be done; I was in such pain, and could take no medicine in my stomach, so the doctor began to inject morphine

into my limbs. I began to feel a little better, but was unable to sit up any, having constant pain in my back; I had used over fifty blisters, and some of the time would be more comfortable; I was carried from one bed to another by the doctor, and he thought I would be able soon to sit up a little; I had a seton kept in nine weeks, and I continued to suffer; a reclining chair was bought, the doctor put me in it a few times, but it made me worse. We had heard that Mr. and Mrs. Mix were in Pittsfield, and we sent for them; they came November 26, 1879. I was then very helpless, and was using morphine all the time. After prayer for my healing I was enabled to rise up in bed, and with a little assistance from Mrs. Mix walked a few feet to a chair, and in about half an hour I walked back to the bed alone; I had been in the habit of having morphine injected five or six times in twenty-four hours, and the doctor said it would kill me to leave it off, but in answer to the prayer of faith I was enabled to leave it off entirely. One week from the day they called to see me, I walked out to the carriage, got in and rode one mile. In less than two weeks, when Mr. and Mrs. Mix went to their home in Connecticut, I was able to go with

them; I staid with them four weeks and then came home alone. I am now quite well and strong, and can walk half a mile to church and back; I can do a good deal of house work, and have taken no medicine since. When I see what a change the Lord has wrought in me I feel I cannot thank Him enough. I can say truly, come all the world and I will tell you what the Lord has done for me.

Yours, trusting in Jesus,  
MARY E. MACK.

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SOUTHINGTON, CONN., October 13, 1880.

Many instances of healing being recorded in this book, I, too, would tell of God's boundless love and mercy to me. For more than twelve years have been subject to severe neuralgia sick headaches, and as strength gradually failed these attacks were followed by fainting and, at last, spasms. For the past six years I have been a suffering invalid, and for two and one half years was almost constantly prostrated by complicated troubles and nervous prostration. Sleep for long intervals was a stranger, and whenever I could sleep would become so exhausted that on awaking I would be gasping for breath and fainting instantly, and

the derangement of my bodily powers brought with it nearly every variety of pain. I became so reduced in strength, and so sensitive were my nerves, that the least change or excitement would produce faint sinking spells, and for weeks little or no hopes of my recovery. No description of my weakness and suffering can be given. During my sickness have been attended by seven different physicians, receiving no decided relief. At last Dr. Alling, a very skillful physician from New Haven, was called, and I was greatly benefited while under his care, but at the time of my seeing Mrs. Mix I was not able to stand upon my feet or walk without support. I was obliged to take nervine two and three times a day, and other medicine, besides using other remedies. She requested me to lay aside all medicine, and support was removed, and during prayer I immediately perceived a change in the diseased part of my system, and could walk about more comfortably than before in five years. Sleep became more natural and refreshing. And, as I ventured forth leaning upon God and his promises, I found my faith was to be tested, and at almost every step I met the foe. But to him that o'ercometh



God giveth a crown. My improvement was rather slow, but I could praise and thank God for *my slow improvement*. After several months I met with Mrs. Mix again, and in less than a week I received a still greater blessing, the change in my system became more and more perceptible, but during this physical change I was very weak; yet, notwithstanding, I was able to wait upon myself and do many things I had not been able to do previously. I felt to exclaim, "Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing." And a spiritual blessing followed, of which I would relate, "but the half can never be told." I was surrounded by heavy darkness, there was not a ray of light in my horizon, and I was driven to the very verge of despair. But at last, away, *far, far away*, almost out of sight, there beamed the faintest gleam of hope. Thank God for that faint gleam. It was but a glimmer through the gloom. And then came this promise shining bright and clear, "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." I clung to this, for my only hope was in Christ. I was then standing at the end of a long and narrow road. Oh! so anxious to press forward in this narrow path, but I was utterly helpless, and while standing there in my weak-



ness, Jesus came to me saying: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by name, thou art mine." I placed my hand in His saying, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." I walked with Jesus. And most gladly therefore did I glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ could rest upon me. I was then left standing alone and yet I was not alone, and before me was a dark and heavy cloud; I was to pass through this cloud. I was to work out my own salvation with fear and trembling. At this point I remained for several weeks, and at last I passed through. Victory was mine, thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. At the close of two months from this, as I retired for the night, I sank into a quiet sleep, and slept for several hours, and as I awoke I thanked God for that refreshing sleep; never during my sickness had I enjoyed such rest. Just then a feeling passed over me, different from anything I had ever experienced, and just as I seemed to be sinking I heard a voice so tenderly saying, "Jesus is healing thee." I could not move my lips to speak, but from the depths of my inmost soul I cried, thank God! thank God! My feelings were beyond

expression. I realized the nearness of my Saviour, and God's power coursing through every vein. And again I was weak and feeble, and for a time there seemed to be no perceptible gain. But in my body I was healed, and as I venture out little by little my strength is gradually returning. I do considerable light work, have walked about a quarter of a mile without resting; and again I thank God that I am still improving and still trusting.

MRS. MARIA BYINGTON.

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Mary Perkins had a severe bilious headache, and very sick at the stomach, and was obliged to go to bed. I knelt in earnest prayer to God in her behalf, and she arose and came to the table and ate, and then went around about her duties. Soon the enemy began to tempt her again, and to make her think she was worse again. I laid hands on her and prayed, bidding disease depart in the name of Jesus. And, thank the Lord, it did go, and she was perfectly well.

NEW HAVEN, July 20.

Mrs. Seymour, who was nearly blind, was impressed that if I should see her and lay hands on her, she would be healed. She could not see well enough to tell whether a person across the room was white or black. I prayed with her and laid hands upon her eyes in the name of Jesus, and when I took them off she could see my face, and she felt the power of God. The next time I saw her I laid hands on her eyes again, and told her to put on her glasses and try to read the Bible, and she read it right off. Soon after that she pieced a bed-quilt containing one thousand and four pieces. God can open the eyes of the blind.

WOLCOTTVILLE, CONN.

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### CASE OF EDDIE HUMPHRY.

He had fever for nearly two weeks, leaving him with his bowels very much constipated. He expressed to his parents a great desire to see me. Accordingly I was sent for. When I arrived I found their family physician present, who had been attending him twice a day for two days; his bowels were bloated badly, and had not moved for several days. I proposed a season of prayer, and Eddie, his mother, and aunt, and myself all united

in a prayer of faith for the dear sick boy. I then anointed him with oil in the name of the Lord. All pain soon left his bowels, the bloat went down, his aches and pains were all gone; he sat up in bed feeling quite cheerful; his physician then came into the room and said, "Eddie, this is better than taking medicine." The reply was, "*Yes, sir.*" He then told him he was doing well, and would not need him any more, and told the father of the child the same. I told them when his bowels moved he would have a severe time, but for them not to be frightened, and to rub his bowels but not give any medicine. I left, telling them if they wanted me to come for me. Some time after he was taken with severe pain, and they, being frightened, sent for the physician, but before he arrived the boy was all right; he began to improve and in a very few days was able to be up and out of doors.

GOSHEN, September 10, 1879.

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### ANOTHER CURE THROUGH MRS. MIX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL AND COURIER :

After suffering for nine years and five months, I feel it my duty to let the public know what has been done for me by faith and prayer, through

God's instrument, Mrs. Mix of Wolcottville, Conn. I had a complication of diseases which baffled the skill of all the physicians that I employed, and for six weeks had not left my bed only as I was lifted from it to the lounge, as ordered by my attending physician. Mrs. Mix came to see me on the 27th day of June, prayed with me and anointed me with oil in the name of the Lord. I passed through such a change of body that I was able to get up and be dressed, and from that time I have felt well, and all my disease is gone. I am able to walk and ride with perfect ease, which I had not been able to do in nine years and five months, and to God be all the glory.

MRS. H. W. LESSEY,  
614 Chapel street, New Haven.

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### THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I am very much interested in the Home Department of your valuable paper. I am a professor of religion, and a firm believer in direct and special answers to earnest, faithful, importunate, specific prayer. For a number of years I was a sufferer, and had spent much

money with different physicians, but all in vain, until one day the thought presented itself to me that Jesus could heal me if I had the faith to believe it. I mustered all the faith I had, and asked God for more, and the moment that I fully believed I was healed. Although it is now almost five years since I was healed, I have never at any time felt a return of my former trouble. I write this for the encouragement of my afflicted sisters, and to the glory of Jesus, my Great Physician. And not only has Jesus verified his promises to me in this instance of healing, but also in many others. At different times when in need of temporal things, the Lord has heard and answered specific prayer, and sent the needed things, and supplied all my temporal wants, as well as spiritual.

LIZZIE YETLEY.

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## THE DOUBLE PRAYER.

### A TRUE INCIDENT.

It was past midnight. Tossing in the restlessness of pain and fever, Florence lay on her wakeful couch, burning with thirst, yet unable to swallow a drop of water to assuage it without

adding to her pain. "Call my father," she cried in her agony to her mother, her only watcher, who had sought in vain to afford any relief. Softly the mother went to an adjoining room where Florence's father, exhausted by previous watching, lay in a deep sleep. Hesitating, she went back without disturbing him, to hear again the beseeching request, "Call my father. I am *so* thirsty, and I cannot drink."

This was something beyond the mother's experience, that water, taken when craved so earnestly, should distress, instead of afford relief. She felt that some power beyond her own must bring help, if it came. For twenty-four hours Florence had neither slept nor drank. Once, when she had tried holding water in her mouth to assuage the thirst, she had swallowed a little, which caused intense distress, and she turned from it as from an enemy. Again the mother went to the next room, and again returned without disturbing the sleeper. She lay down softly by the restless child, and earnestly, yet silently, prayed that if possible God would relieve her. In a moment came the words,

"Mother, I feel better; I would like a drink."



Too much for the mother's faith; she replied, "A drink! You know how even a swallow distresses you."

"Please give me a drink, mother," was the reply."

The glass of cold water was held to Florence's lips, and eagerly and without fear she drank freely of its contents, and lay back on the pillow with a look of perfect quiet in her face. Hardly daring to move, her mother repeated in a low voice two verses she had learned when a child younger than Florence, and which hundreds of times since she had repeated to herself when wakeful at night, to find them bring rest, if not sleep.

“ When courting slumber  
 The hours I number,  
 And sad cares cumber  
 My weary mind,  
 This thought shall cheer me,  
 That Thou art near me,  
 Whose ear to hear me  
 Is still inclined.

“ My soul Thou keepest  
 Who never sleepest;  
 Mid gloom the deepest  
 There 's light above.



Thine eyes behold me,  
Thine arms enfold me,  
Thy word has told me  
That God is love."

She looked at Florence as she finished the lines, and the restless eyes were closed. She was asleep. Not daring to move, she lay perfectly quiet, with her eyes fixed on a clock which stood on a bracket near by. Twenty minutes of sweet sleep, and Florence opened her eyes with a smile, and said, "I would like something to eat."

No one but a mother who has watched with intense solicitude over a sick child can tell the music in those words.

Quickly she prepared a delicate morsel, and was surprised to find it could be eaten with no more pain following than had been caused by the draught of water. The crisis was passed, and Florence was out of danger.

"I was at my wit's end," said her mother to her the next morning, "while watching with you last night. And if ever I prayed in my life, I did when I came in the second time and lay down beside you."

"I was praying, too, mamma," was the unexpected and most welcome reply.

“And, mother,” she added, “why did you never say those sweet verses to me before?”

“I do not know,” was all the reply her mother could give; “but you may take them now, and if they prove of as much comfort to you as they have long been to me, I shall be very glad; and neither you nor I,” she added, “must ever forget the night when *we both prayed*.”

Charlotte Murray’s lines so fully express our feelings that we quote them here :

“He healed them all—the blind, the lame, the palsied,  
 The sick in body and the weak in mind;  
 Whoever came, no matter how afflicted,  
 Were sure a sovereign remedy to find.  
 His word gave health, His touch restored the vigor  
 To every weary, pain-exhausted frame;  
 And all He asked before He gave the blessing,  
 Was *simple faith in Him* from those who came.

“And is our Lord the kind, the good, the tender,  
 Less loving now than in those days of old?  
 Or is it that our faith is growing feeble,  
 And Christian energy is waxing cold?  
 Why do we not, with equal expectation,  
 Now bring our sick ones to the Lord in prayer,  
 Right through the throng of unbelieving scruples,  
 Up to His very side and leave them there?”

“ He never health refused in by-gone ages,  
 Nor feared to take the ‘ chastisement ’ away ;  
 Then why not ask it now, instead of praying  
 For patience to endure from day to day ? ”

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CRESTON, ILL., February 10, 1880.

MRS. EDWARD MIX.

*Dear Friend*:—Our prayers have been answered, and I am getting well, commenced to improve right away. My faith has been greatly strengthened, and my heart is full of praise to God.

I thank you very much for your kindly interest, and shall always remember you and your labors in my prayers.

Yours with deep gratitude,

CARRIE F. COBB.

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MRS. NEWBY having neuralgia on the heart was cured immediately by prayer and laying on of hands.

WOLCOTTVILLE, CONN.

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Mr. Samuel Brown of New Haven received an injury while in the army, from a shell, and his left limb was affected. He used a crutch; he

also had asthma. He had once loved God, but at the time he came to be healed he was as the prodigal son. After talking with him awhile and telling him what God required of him in order to be healed, he knelt down and as he attempted to pray burst into such a flood of tears, confessed his faults and promised to forsake his evil ways. The Lord heard and answered prayer. I anointed with oil in the name of the Lord and laid my hands upon him. He said, "How strangely my limb feels." I told him in the name of the Lord to rise up and walk; he arose from the chair and without his crutch walked off as well as ever, and when he went away carried his crutch over his shoulder.

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A young lady named Adele Shattuck, living in Saratoga county, New York, has just been restored from a paralytic condition, by means of her own prayers. Four years ago, at the age of eighteen, from grief at the loss of her brother, she went into nervous convulsions, and became a hopeless paralytic. All the doctors said she would never recover, but she had faith that she should, and she rested in the efficacy of prayer to restore

herself. The other day she astonished her family by appearing down-stairs cured, as she said, by prayer. Gradually her strength returned, and the recovery of her voice followed.

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The Brookfield correspondent of the *Danbury News* writes the following in regard to Mrs. Carpenter of that place:—"There has certainly been a marvelous change in her condition. Before Mrs. Mix went to see her she was in a very weak condition, having become so reduced by severe attacks of hemorrhages of the lungs, that when moved from her bed to the chair, she could only sit up a few moments on account of weak lungs and great palpitation of the heart. The latter trouble was occasioned by the least exertion or excitement. For a long time her limbs had been cold and numb below the knees; it was utterly impossible for her to stand, although she had made many attempts to stand alone, and had exerted herself to the utmost to stand alone only a few hours before Mrs. Mix came. While Mrs. Mix was with her a great change came over her.

"The blood began to circulate, the weakness in her lungs and heart was immediately relieved, and

within an hour she was up and dressed and walking about. Since then she has continued to improve, having no returns of hemorrhages. She can walk and ride, and attend to part of her household work. Possibly the many instances of God's power, so plainly evident to all but those who having eyes yet see not, may lead even this faithless generation to acknowledge that 'All things are possible to him that believeth.' "

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#### A LETTER FROM MRS. WILTON.

Mrs. Mix came to see me on Monday, the twenty-eighth of April, 1879. Then I had been sick and lame for one year, one month and four days. In that time I have been a great sufferer, both night and day, suffering from heart affection, which at times was so bad that I had awful spasms and was in constant pain every day, and I have n't been able to walk scarcely any in that time, and not a step for long months; have had to be lifted from my bed to my easy-chair and back all the time, and carried from one room to another; and when I sat up in my chair I had to keep my feet in another chair. I could not let them down on the

floor on account of the pain in my body and limbs, nor could I stand alone a moment. I have had several good physicians, but got no help. I was about to give up in despair, when I heard of the wonderful cures performed through Mrs. Mix. I sent for her to come and see me; when she came into the room she asked if I had faith to be healed. I told her I had perfect faith; she then anointed me and laid hands on me, all the while praying God to heal me. I prayed with her, and our prayers were answered, for in less than an hour after she began to labor with me I got up, dressed, and walked out into the other room as well as anybody, perfectly free from pain and all my lameness gone. Although I am very weak from being sick so long, yet I am gaining strength all the time; after she went away I walked about my room, and went out to tea with the rest, and the next morning got up, dressed, combed my hair and went out to breakfast. Something I have n't done before in over a year. I am still gaining strength fast and feel well. I would add that all sufferers who may see this *may* have faith in God. Send for Mrs. Mix and be cured.

MRS. G. A. WILTON.



Mrs. Lee suffered from great pain and burning in her back, and her side troubled her so she had not laid on that side for three years. She had caused a rupture by lifting; her lungs were weak, causing much distress for breath. She was under a physician's care all the time. She came the twenty-second of June to board with me two weeks. She arose Sabbath morning to dress, and afterwards told me she had to lie down three times while dressing. I called her down to prayers, not knowing then how badly she felt. I prayed for her, and as I prayed, I felt the power of God come upon me.

I arose and laid my hands on her in the name of the Lord. The healing power was so strong upon her that she shook and trembled, and lost her strength. The tears were coursing very fast down her cheeks. I spoke to her, but she could not answer; as soon as strength came to her, she stood upon her feet and raised both arms, exclaiming, "How strong I feel! All pain and bad feeling is gone from my back, and my lungs feel strong." She went to her room and knelt in solemn prayer and praise to God. She said she felt the power go all through her lungs and down her



back; she soon got so she could go upstairs without the least exertion, and could lie on that side as well as ever, and without any of the pains returning.

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### IRISH WOMAN CURED OF DROPSY.

July 23.

We both prayed, and after I had prayed and laid hands on her, she felt the power of God, and exclaimed, "Glory be to God for such relief."

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### MRS. BROWN'S LAMENESS AND OLD AGE.

October 12.

I labored with her in prayer and laying on of hands, and she went home feeling much better. She had n't been able to dress herself or comb her hair for several years, but the next morning she arose and dressed herself, and the next Lord's day gave in her testimony as being healed fully. God has promised to renew youth and strength if we call upon him for it.

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Mrs. Hart, Wolcottville, Conn., had a severe attack of bilious fever and headache, and was confined to her bed. I labored with her by prayer

and laying on of hands; she arose from her bed by faith, and walked around the room; soon she threw up a great quantity of bile. I went away and she was able to come to the piazza and was feeling quite bright. She was able to go about her work, and in two days did the washing. There is no God like our God.

WOLCOTTVILLE, CONN.

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Frederick Hart, having neuralgia in the head and face, pain in his limbs, and a good deal of fever, was obliged to stay home from the shop all day.

I prayed and laid hands on him, and he felt the power all through him. He began to perspire from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; he was better right away, and went to meeting that very evening.

WOLCOTTVILLE, CONN.

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Mr. Smith's child swallowed a safety pin, and the mother requested me to pray for it; and in answer to prayer the pin remained in the child's stomach eleven days without injuring in the least; it then came up into his throat, unclasped, and a physician came and took it out.

WOLCOTTVILLE, CONN.

CLINTON, November 30, 1879.

DEAR MRS. MIX:—We have been very remiss in writing you as we promised, concerning mother's health since you were here. We were away from home during the summer, and mother had so much writing to do in order to keep us all informed about herself, she did not get time to write you.

Our hearts have been made very glad by your visit, and what God has done for us through you, and this Thanksgiving time has found real thanksgiving in our hearts toward God for His goodness. Mother has continued to gain in health and strength ever since you were here, and has improved in flesh and looks.

She seems better than formerly when she used to call herself well. We do pray that she may continue well and strong. Mother's case is much talked of in Utica, and here many think her cure was from God. All join in kindest remembrances to you. May the Lord bless you abundantly in your work, is the prayer of your friend,

E. M. SOUTHANT.

September 18, 1878.

Mrs. Emily Harmant (liver complaint) had been sick and employed a doctor ten weeks, but with all the medicine she had taken she grew worse; her side and bowels had been blistered with poultices and plasters, but all of no effect. She had heard of the workings of God's power through me, and I was sent for. I found her in bed suffering very much with the pain in her side, and for some reason there was a large lump in it. I conversed with her a little on the subject of faith and prayer. I saw her faith was good and her trust in God.

She believed He would deliver her from all sickness; we joined in prayer and God heard and answered; peace came to her; all pain was removed, and the lump in her side was all gone; her head ceased to ache, and vigor and strength came to her. She said she wanted to get up and be dressed. I called her daughter and we dressed her; she took hold of my hand and went downstairs into the parlor, where there were a half dozen waiting to be labored with, or to see the result of my labors with her. Some exclaimed, I told you she would come down, others said they

were perfectly astonished. The next day she was out riding, and was all right. God always delivers those who trust in Him.

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“I will manifest myself unto him.” John xiv. 21.

For years I have been an invalid, suffering with a very obstinate form of malarial chills, which resulted in great disturbance of the nervous system, involving also the other organs. So great was my proclivity in that direction that the least exposure to damp or evening air, or any little over-exertion would throw me into chills of no ordinary type, subjecting me to intense suffering for days afterwards.

In addition to all this, I was prostrated with pleuro-pneumonia on the 17th day of May, 1880. My physician, visiting me from two to four times a day, watched its progress with much anxiety. As I grew worse, doubts were entertained of my recovery, the acuteness of the disease involving other conditions than those which usually attend it.

On Saturday morning, May 22d, as I lay in great suffering and helplessness, the beautiful text above quoted was given me. While my body was racked with intense pain, my heart breathed its

prayer that God would manifest Himself unto me; and all day between my paroxysms of suffering, coughing, etc., my soul-cry was, "O Lord, manifest Thyself unto me." I could scarcely define to my own mind *how* or in *what way* I wanted it, but my soul was on a stretch for a Divine manifestation.

Thus the hours dragged their painful length till the shades of evening settled upon me; still, with bated breath I prayed for a manifestation of the Divine. My friend and companion, Mrs. B., was herself too sick to sit up with me during the night, so at a late hour, fixing my medicines and my drink beside my bed, she left me for a time.

As soon as I was alone I again began my heart-prayer, "O Lord, manifest Thyself unto me." Soon I seemed suspended in mid-air, going through a process of stripping, until I was divested of clogs and weights which had so trammelled me. I then exclaimed: "Saviour mine! make thorough work; strip me completely of everything that may hinder Thy will concerning me." Immediately, as if banished by an unseen hand, my doubts and fears (alas! how many had I struggled with all my life,) like a spectral band departed, and I

seemed a clean child before God, with every avenue of my soul open toward Him.

I was then lifted up and placed on an immense rock, grand and beautiful, on which the Saviour stood. He smilingly said, "Now, my child, go to sleep;" whereupon I dropped into a sweet, refreshing slumber. When I awoke I was in His Divine arms. Then I said, "O Jesus! how I have needed thee. I have wanted thee in my business and in my cares, but thou didst seem so far away; and I sometimes thought thou hadst forgotten me." He sweetly replied, "My eye has been upon you; you are mine; you are sealed." I immediately experienced such a sense of purity as I had never known before; and as I felt the sealing power go through me, it seemed as if every fiber of my being was for God.

He then passed His hand over my face, and a thrill like electricity went through me, and I exclaimed:

*"Why, I am healed!"*

I then felt my flesh, and, instead of the parched, fevered skin I had during those days and nights of suffering, it was cool and soft as a healthy child's.

He said, "Yes, you are healed; you are to



obey Me in all things; be careful, eat sparingly, and follow thou Me;" to all of which my grateful heart responded, "Yes, Lord."

What oneness I felt with my Divine Master! My life, my whole being, was swallowed up in Him like a little fish in the mighty ocean. I talked with Him face to face so sweetly; and among other things I said: "Precious Lord, wilt Thou please heal my dear friend, Mrs. B? (for whose healing many prayers had been offered.) He lovingly answered, "I'll see to that." I then asked Him to bless my physician who had been so faithful to me during my sickness. He smiled, reached out His hand to her, and in response thereto she stepped upon the rock, her face all aglow with heavenly light. I was led to pray for different persons, and they appeared one at a time as their names were called, some with pure spotless robes, radiant with Divine glory, while others, among whom were two of my own dear kindred, were struggling hard to climb upon the rock, but were too heavily weighted. Though the Saviour graciously extended His hand toward them they could not reach Him; for they were so far away, looking sorrowful and disappointed.



I then called for another whom I knew to make high professions; she appeared upon the outer edge of the rock, riding upon a little wooden hobby horse. There was much assurance in her face and manner, also much force of motion, but no progress. The Saviour looked benignly at her, but she was too far away.

I then prayed for another whom I had heard profess much, but she was enveloped in a cloud of darkness, remote from the rest. The Lord looked compassionately toward her, and turning to me said, with tenderness: "Thou hast nothing to do with them."

After about a score of persons had been called for and shown me, I asked once more for the healing of Mrs. B. and again He answered me, "I will take care of that." I questioned why she was not grouped with the other dear ones, with white robes and radiant faces. He pointed to a desert place apart from the rest, where she was walking alone, with a heavy cross strapped to her back. As I gazed in wonder, He smiled complacently upon her and said: "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Though unqualified by words, its sweet significance was

revealed to me. As I turned toward the little group, my eye rested upon a dear lady of superior ability, and one upon whom the Divine signet had been set within the past year; she stood head and shoulders above the rest, clothed in white robes and with a halo about her; indeed, her whole being seemed a reflex of the Divine. I asked why she stood such a tower of Strength and Beauty; and without a word He pointed to the lonely pilgrim in the solitary place. I understood it, knowing the instrument used for thus advancing this young friend into God.

I then saw the most beautiful groves of which the human mind can conceive. The trees were covered with rich dark foliage; and upon them hung the most luscious fruit. The singing of the birds, with harmony of melody and rhythm, was more heavenly than anything I had ever heard. I gazed in wonder. A breeze swept over me so grateful and live-giving that I exclaimed: "No wonder the inhabitants shall no more say I am sick!" And with the waves of fragrance came new accessions of strength until I was permeated through and through.

Still nearer to us was a spread table; its cover-

ing of rare whiteness was a complete fabric of precious stones; and as it hung in ample folds to the rock, the picture was of transcendent beauty. The dishes were regal and rare; and all reflected the most delicate tints, softened by the hues of the rising day; for the whole scene was one of morning twilight.

I looked far in the distance, and saw the world gradually receding, until it became a mere speck, just passing from sight. Then the rock took on extent until it filled all immensity of space, and the glory of the Lord overshadowed the whole.

Then the Saviour said, "Now, my child, go to sleep." Sweetly and quietly as a trusting child in its mother's arms I slept, and awoke in the morning refreshed and well! I arose in the consciousness of physical and spiritual anointing. With perfect ease I raised both arms to my head to comb my hair, whereas previously to move them seemed like a knife piercing me. I dressed and went below stairs to the surprise of the family.

I did not recover my wonted strength and flesh at once; but gradually and steadily I seem to have taken on the vigor of years gone by, and as far as I know I am perfectly well and very strong.

I can go out in the evening, and am subject to various atmospheric changes, but no indications of chills.

What a change! After nearly ten years of deprivation, I can go out day or evening with no more discomfort than in the years before I contracted the malaria. The Divine Presence which entered my soul on that eventful night has become an indwelling Presence. My life seems inseparable from Him. However distracting outside elements, I live, move, and have my being in God in a sense beyond anything I ever conceived before.

MRS. E. H. SCOTT,  
Ocean Grove, N. J.

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### MADE WHOLE BY FAITH.

WALLINGFORD, CONN., August 22, 1880.

MRS. EDWARD MIX:—I want to glorify God by telling to the world what the Lord has done for my wife in answer to the prayer of faith. My wife was taken sick February 1, 1879, and has been under the doctor's care since, up to May 10, 1880. She was treated for different diseases, but received no benefit, as the difficulty proved to be

an internal one; the hemorrhage was very bad. At last Dr. Meganhey, who had spent four years in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, made an examination, and found it to be a cancer, and making rapid progress; that it was malignant, and could not be cured. Then Dr. Sanford of New Haven was called, and after a thorough examination, told me the same; that it had taken a malignant form, but that she might be made comparatively comfortable, though suffering many sleepless nights, and the only way of relief would be to take morphine; sometimes the pains would last five hours in spite of all the morphine we could give her, and finally we were obliged to keep her under the influence of it continually. She was growing very weak, and to all appearances could live but a short time. Some of the neighbors thought she could not live more than three days. May 2d, Mrs. Crumb came in and prayed with her; she told us of Mrs. Edward Mix and her great faith in the promises of God to heal the sick. My wife asked a lady friend to write to her, for she herself was very weak; could not sit up more than five minutes at a time, had no appetite, had lost forty-five pounds of flesh, was

reduced to a mere skeleton. Mrs. Mix came May 10th and prayed with her, anointing her with oil in the name of the Lord. She was able to get up and dress and comb her hair, and assist about getting dinner, sit down and eat dinner with us, sit up all day, and in the evening rode one mile to prayer-meeting and testified for the Lord of what He had done for her, then rode back without any inconvenience except feeling a little tired. The next day came the trial of faith for the morphine; the temptation was terrible; it lasted a number of days, but the Lord gave her overcoming grace; she had laid aside all medicines and remedies, and was trusting fully in God; had taken Him at His word, believing He would do as He had promised, and the Lord gave her the victory over the temptation. The cancer is healed; she feels no pain from it. It is now thirteen weeks since Mrs. Mix first saw her; she sleeps well every night, has a good appetite, and praises God continually for what He has done for her. After the temptation of the morphine had ceased, it came in another form; indigestion. We took it to the Lord in prayer and He removed it. My wife could take long walks about the town, did her housework

with a little of my assistance. She was then taken with fever and ague; we sent for Mrs. Mix; she could not come, but Mr. Mix came and prayed with her. The Lord heard and answered, rebuking the fever. Then she had a trial of a severe cough; we asked the Lord to remove that, and it was done. After a time she was taken with inflammatory rheumatism, which caused her limbs to swell very badly. She could not bear the least weight upon her feet without causing severe pain. I sent for Mrs. Mix; she came and prayed with her; the swelling of her feet and limbs was so much reduced that she could put on her stockings and shoes and walk about twenty feet to her chair; it was all done through faith and prayer. She is improving every day; she sleeps well and has a good appetite; praise the Lord for his wonderful works to the children of men. We read, Matt. xxi. 22, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive;" Mark xi. 24, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them;" John xv. 7, "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you;" John xiv. 13, "And whatso-



ever ye shall ask in my name that will I do that the father may be glorified in the son;" John xvi. 23, James v. 14, 15. Paul exhorts us to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. Elijah's faith brought the blessing, although the probabilities were very small. That is the kind of faith we need to prevail with God. Give us a perfect faith; yes, Lord, increase our faith. Abraham believed, and it was imputed to him for righteousness. We are calling upon our souls and all that is within us to praise the Lord, and we would not forget all his benefits.

SAMUEL M. SCRANTON.

Mrs. Scranton has since died, but not with cancer.

















